

# POEMS,

Upon several

## OCCASIONS,

And, to several

## PERSONS.

---

By the AUTHOR, of

*The CENSURE, of the ROTA.*

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L O N D O N:

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TO THE  
READER.

**T**HE Weakness of some Writers, is their Privilege, and they seem protected from Censure, because they are below it; as *Dwarfs*, are excused from *Quarrels*, by their want of Stature. The Generous forbear them in Pity, and the Proud, in Scorn. Upon these Hopes, the Author concludes he is safe from the mighty Critiques, who, he presumes, stoop not, but to shoot over his Head, while each of them damns

*To the Reader.*

his Author, and so starts up a Poet,  
as each Brave, that kills his Man  
in the Field, is dubb'd a Knight.

Occasional Addressees, He has  
not the Vanity to think longer-  
liv'd, than Monethly Flowers,  
which look gay, for a little Season,  
and please, but while they are fresh  
and keep their Scent. More he can-  
not wish, then that they should be  
smelt to, e're they are thrown a-  
way: And if you credit him not  
in this, He must for ever curse that  
Fate, which *Poets* have in common  
with all other *Lyers*; not to be be-  
lieved by others, when they speak  
Truth, though the Wretches be-  
lieve themselves, when they Lie.



TO HIS GRACE  
 GILBERT,  
 LORD ARCHBISHOP of  
 CANTERBURY.

**S**uch the old *Patriarchs* were, with such a *hand*  
 Led they their *Flocks*, and rul'd the *Holy Land*.  
 Such gentle *Crofters* wielded they, when first  
 Their tender *Lambs* and *Profelytes* they nurst;  
 Guarding the *Churches Pale* by their strict sway  
 From *sacrilegious Thief* and *Beast of Prey*:  
 (Their *Fences* and *Inclosures* kept with toil,  
 Secur'd their *Diocess*, or *Fold*, from spoil)  
 Such once were they, when in their *Groves* they slept,  
 And Company with none but *Angels* kept.

B

They

They their bright *Visions* had at such an Age,  
 And glorious things could from their *Dreams* preface.  
 From these your *Virtues* are deriv'd, and You  
 (The Churches *Patriarch* and *Apostle* too)  
 Sharing with them beside their antient *Seat*,  
 What *Prim'tive* is, *Apostolick*, or *Great*  
 Kind Providence thus wisely had decreed,  
 E'r yet she plac'd the *Mitre* on your *Head*,  
 When she *install'd* your *Primate-Soul* to heir  
 The *High-Priests* Throne and *Patriarchal* Chair.  
 To fit you for so Eminent a Scene,  
 Your *Consecration* she perform'd *within*.  
 Such deep *Experience* gave, as would surpass  
 The Compass of a *Patriarch's* long-liv'd *Glass*.  
 Their lasting *Vigour* too with this she join'd,  
 And *unimpair'd* *Abilities* of *Mind*.  
 The grave *Authority* of a Heathen *Sage*,  
 With the clear *Wisdom* of *Prophetic* Age.

Such

*upon several occasions.*

3

Such *Innocence* as *Prim'tive Times* might own,  
With *Courage*, such as would a *Martyr* crown:  
These *Blessings* all constellated in You,  
Proclaim, your great *Ascent* was but your due,  
No *bribe* of *Fortune*, or blind *gift* of *Chance*,  
Your *Virtues Right*, and your *Inheritance*.

While th' *Earth* was wide, and *Planters* but a few,  
And that the *World's first People* slowly grew.  
The *Lambs* and *Doves* for *Sacrifice* increast,  
And multiply'd much faster than the *Priest*.  
The *Cath'lique Church*, that is, the *Circumcis'd*,  
Was in a *Family* or *two* compris'd.  
The *Priestly Office* and *Paternal Care*  
Descended from the *Father* to the *Heir*;  
He, th' holy *Ephod* wore, and did succeed  
*Head* of that *Church*, in which he first was bred.  
The *Flock* was little, and but small the *Charge*,  
The *Past'ral Jurisdiction* then not large.

Your *Lordship* now is worthily possess'd  
 Of more than six *High-Priests* enjoy'd at least ;  
 (Rais'd by degrees to such a *Sacred Height*,  
 As *Titus* in his *hundred Mitred Creet.*)  
 Your *Charge* is greater, but your *Care* no less,  
 Your *Heart's* enlarg'd, as well as *Diocess*.  
 Those fond *Relations* in the *Church* begun  
 With the dear Names of *Father* and of *Son*,  
*Live* still ; but since the *Church* increas'd her store,  
 A greater *Fam'ly*'tis, than 'twas before.  
 Sure, when a *Province* at your *Feet* does fall,  
 Your Love shews nobler in *adopting* all.  
 So *Abram's Church* that with his *Off-spring* grew,  
 Kneel'd for the *Priest's* and *Parent's* Blessing too.  
 How great's that Love which in your soul takes place !  
 That can a *Province* with that ease embrace  
 As if it *Lambeth* were, and make it share  
 A *Fathers* Fondness and *Domestique* Care.

Though

Though from your *Center* 'tis, that you dispence  
 Your *nearer* and *directer Influence*;  
 You *pierce* those places that *remoter* be,  
 And all parts *heat*, though not to that degree:  
 Thus when the *Sun* to all the *World* gives *Day*,  
 He warms all, yet not with an equal *Ray*.  
 He paints the *Flowers* with a purple *Light*,  
 And gilds the shining *Mine* with *Looks* more bright.  
 On simp'ring *Pearl* he half a *Smile* does shed,  
 And *Rubies* dyes with half a *Blush* of *Red*.  
 But darts a *Beam* far fairer than the rest,  
 To ripen *Spices*, and perfume the *East*.

*Great Souls*, and those for *Publick Rule* design'd  
 Seem furnisht out, and fram'd, to chear *Mankind*;  
 Extending still to fit their *Sphere*, they swell  
 Till they the measure of their *Circle* fill:

Still *overflowing* for the *publick Use*,  
And *pouring out* what they can never *lose*;  
*Emptying* themselves, but yet no *want* confess,  
Cannot *impair*, nor cannot yet be *less* :  
*Free* as the *Air*, and *unconfin'd* as *Light*,  
Which all *enjoy*, and to which all have *right* ;  
For should they *wast*, or could they be *inclos'd*,  
Our *Breath* were sequestred, our *Sight* depos'd :  
To you, that cannot be *seal'd up* or *spent*,  
We all lay claim, as to an *Element*.  
All to your *Love*, or to your *Care* pretend ;  
Hope you their *Patron*, or wish you their *Friend*.  
Or on your *Bounty* feed, and *Favours* live ;  
Or from your *Int'rest* their support derive.  
Your *Goodness* cheers, or *Greatness* all protects ;  
*Lustre* on these, or *Warmth* on those reflects.  
Thus *diff'rently illustrious* you appear,  
According to your *different Character*.

So equal both your *Honours*, none can say  
Whether *Bishop*, or *Baron* does out-weigh.  
Which does outshine, or more exalted show,  
The *Coronet*, or *Miter* on your *Brow*.  
Brave in both *Shapes*, and glorious in each *Sphere*,  
The greatest *Prelate*, and the greatest *Peer*.

Nor is your *Life* less comely, or less clean,  
In your *Recess*, than in the *Publick Scene*.  
Those gay *Adornments* which enrich your *Mind*  
Are not with *Robes* put off, nor yet confin'd  
To the *Show-day*, and to no longer last  
Than the *Solemnity*, or *Pomp* once past:  
When *all dismiss*, you lay aside your *State*,  
Your *Train* of *Virtues* hold their constant *wait*.  
The truly *Gallant* keep their *Court within*,  
And are attended by a *Train unseen*.

Their *Masques* are *secret*, and their *Joys unknown* ;

Their greatest *Triumphs* are, when all *alone*.

What the best *Prelates* should be, that are *You*,

(Their Orders *Chief*, and Orders *Glory* too)

Your *Practice* all may into *Precept* draw,

Your *Life* is Rule, and your *Example*, Law :

A *Pattern* of that Doctrine others teach.

You *act* their *Knowledge*, and by *living*, *preach*.

So sacred is that *Hand* ! which still assists

In crowning *Kings*, or consecrating *Priests*.

So large that *Heart* ! of which no Measure lives,

Unless your *Theatre* its Model gives ;

*Both* to succeed might claim (while we applaud)

J U X O N the Confessor, and Martyr L A U D.



On the OXFORD Theater.

**T**Hose glorious *Heights* which *Art* of old did raise,  
*Liv'd* uncommended in their own first *Days*.

While yet their *Pinnacles* did *newly* rise,  
And they possess a *new place* in the *Skies* ;  
The *gazing Eyes* of all they on them drew,  
*Admiring slowly* what as *slowly* grew.

Their *Fame* they spread by being longer known,  
And growing older, doubled their *Renown* :  
This goodly *Pile*, *born* in the *present Age*,  
The *Pens* of *after-Poets* shall ingage,  
Making their *Verse* immortal with its *Praise*,  
The *Argument* their *Crown*, and *Theme* their *Bayes*.

The *silent Muses*, conscious of their shame,  
Urge their *Amazement* to excuse the blame.

They

They in *astonishment* and *wonder* lost,  
No more the glory of their *Numbers* boast.  
For what above the *height* of *Verse* does rise,  
And with best *Poets Lines* for *lasting* vies,  
Requires no *Muse* to celebrate its Name  
It self does best to all it self proclaim.  
Its *Eloquence* their *Silence* does excuse,  
*Poet* it self, and to it self a *Muse*.  
A various Fate commuting each *Extreme*,  
Theaters *speak*, while Poets *Statues* seem.

Greatness, as its due, this Respect may claim;  
Due to the *Fabrick's* and the *Founder's* Fame ;  
That *this Age* should not hastily presume  
To *write*, what *Story* is of *all to come*.  
But when the *Interval* of *wonder's* past,  
And the *Amusement* does no longer last ;  
This *Theater* that makes *our Age* admire,  
*Succeeding ones* shall in it's *Praise* inspire.

*upon several occasions.*

II

But had the beauteous *Frame* been rear'd of old,  
What *Divine Tales* the *Wits* had of it told !  
Then had we heard, how some *Amphion* plaid,  
And toucht those *Strings* which the *Foundations* laid.  
While dancing *Stones* which did in *Measures* close,  
To various *Sounds*, in various *Figures* rose ;  
Advancing still in comely *Ranks*, till all  
Did into *Order* and *Proportion* fall.  
Their *Fairy Seats* they had from this deriv'd,  
And all their *Scenes* of *Bliss* like this contriv'd.  
This then had been, though with another name,  
The *Palace* of the *Sun* and *House* of *Fame*.  
*Ovid* had built, and shining *Pillars* plac'd,  
Where *Virgil's* Hand had rich plain *Figures* cast.  
Th' *Egyptian* Kings that with *Embalming*s kept,  
Long uncorrupted in their *Marbles* slept,  
Their *Royal Bodies* in their *Tombs* intbron'd  
With greater *Pomp*, than others have been *Crown'd*:  
But  
Though

Though *Living*, they less nobly dwelt than *Dead* ;  
Had here, their *crowned Heads* more richly laid.  
This had been number'd with the blest Abodes  
Of *Oracles*, and *Dwellings* of the *Gods*.  
This with their *Shrines* and *Monuments* had vy'd :  
*Gods* here had *liv'd*, and *Princes* here had *dy'd*.

This to the *work*. But what should all erect  
In honour of so wise an *Architect* ?  
Who th' *Image* yet *unborn* did entertain,  
And hous'd the *Theater* within his *Brain*.  
*There* once it stood, so great, so strong, so fair,  
And so adorn'd ; as now it does appear.  
Each *Part* its *measure*, *use* and *place* possess,  
Without the least encroachment on the *rest*.  
Distinct, as *Platonists* those *Beauties* feign'd,  
Which in *Idea's* their *First Mind* contain'd.  
The *Intellectual Theater* appear'd,  
As in the *Fancy* by a *Builder* rear'd.

And

And labour'd with less *noise*, but not less *Art*  
Than that, to which it *Pattern* did impart.

What is the *Founder's* due? whose brave *Soul* gives  
As largely as the *Artists hand* contrives.  
A *Soul*, like his Skill, *vast*, like his Work, *great*;  
*Capacious* though that be, of *more Receipt*.  
If that for *hugest Crowds* does place provide,  
This *more receives*, and *opens yet more wide*.  
So full of *Room*, and of so free *Access*,  
As neither *Straitness* knows, nor *Emptiness*.  
*Many* such *Theaters* lodge in that *Breast*,  
Where *this* at largest, a *small space* possesse.

Such as of old their *Courage* did employ  
To root out *Monsters*, or their *Foes* destroy;  
Who sav'd their *Countrey* from the *Lions Den*,  
Or from such *Wolves*, as *Men* were then to *Men*:

And

But

But *Heroes* were, and triumph'd in the Field.  
They were their *Gods*, that taught them how to *Build*.  
Who *new Worlds* discover'd, Fame less renowns,  
Than who the *old World* vary'd with *new Towns*.  
If *Bacchus* for one *India* found, had praise,  
A *Pair of Gods* the Walls of *Troy* did raise.  
Who Empires Bounds with *Conquests* did enlarge,  
Or with *Plantations* farther off, orecharge,  
Did add, to what already was too vast,  
Who *Built*, adorn'd and beautify'd the *wast*.  
Thus *Nature* one World, *Art* another made,  
Or else the Old World with a New inlaid.  
*Art* with her *People* too, her *World* did grace,  
With carv'd *Colonies*, and a Marble *Race*.  
The num'rous *Off-springs* of a fertile *Line*  
In long *Successions* did of *Statues* shine.  
And to the younger Ages then were shown  
Their *dead Forefathers living shapes* in Stone.

upon several occasions. 15

*A Pillar or Coloss,* preserv'd their Fame,  
Their *Images* did half their Honours claim.  
Nor did alas! *Inscriptions* always speak  
The noble *Roman*, or the gallant *Greek*.  
How many *Stones*, whose *Titles* now defac'd;  
(*Time* carving *new Marks* to supply the *ras'd*.)  
Attend this *Fabrick*, and at distance wait,  
Expecting yet with it, a braver Fate?  
Others but from their *Monuments* derive  
That *Name*, which *SHELDON* to his *Pile* shall give.  
Maintain'd by *that*, as by the Builders *hand*,  
It long as *Time*, firm as *Himself* shall stand;  
And Structures yet *unborn* as much out-last,  
As it in Height transcends all Buildings *past*.

To

*To Her Highness, the Princess SOPHIA,  
Duchess of Brunswick and Lunenburgh.*

**A**S when the *Heaven* gilded first, the *Sun*  
Darts *Beams* successively, and one by one;  
His *pointed Glories* spread so close, between  
Their *shining Trains*, no *naked Sky* is seen.  
While each strikes not the *Eye* apart, they seem  
But one unbroken, and continu'd Beam:  
Your *Highness* thus, when dazled *Eyes* survey,  
Each *Grace* distinguish not, nor mark each *Ray*,  
No more than in the *Sun* each bright *Drop* see,  
Or ev'ry *Star* within the *Galaxie*.  
One great collective *Globe* of *Light* we view,  
All of *one piece*, and yet each *Glory new*.



*Beauteons* all without, all within *Divine*,  
First, in your self, next, you to others shine.  
So *Heav'n*, which fairest of it self does show,  
Contributes too, to all things fair below.  
*Rich*, in those *Jewels* which your *Sex* adorn,  
More than in *those*, which in your *Crown* are worn.  
*Ensigns* of *Majesty*, and *Robes* of *State*,  
Are by your *Pers'nal Ornaments* made great :  
Your *Mind* resplendent to the like excess  
In *Royal Ermins*, or its *private Dress*.  
The *greatest Queen*, that ever climb'd a *Throne*,  
And *greatest* of your *Sex*, without a *Crown*.

Did *Plato* live, his *wish* he might enjoy,  
And see what he thought, like fair *Spirits* coy.  
His *Virtue* now has *Shape* and *Colours* took,  
Such *Features* with't he for, and such a *Look* :

*A Brow*, so undisturb'd and so serene ;  
 The *moving Thoughts* are all in *Prospect* seen.  
*A Heart*, with tame and gentle *Passions* blest,  
 And *quiet*, as the brooding *Halcyon's Nest*.  
 All *black* and *troubled Thoughts* far thence remove  
 And all is *white*, as gall-less *Breast of Dove*.  
*Love*, does its airy *Transports* there employ,  
 Without such *Tumults*, as calm *Peace* destroy.  
*Joy* there from all harsh *Notes of Sorrow* free,  
 With *Musick* keeps its lasting *Jubilee*.  
 And that *Delight*, which does good *Acts* attend,  
 Commences *Revels*, which shall never end.

What wide *Extremes* are *Neighbours* in your *Mind*?  
 Prince-like *August*, and yet like *Woman kind* !  
 Your *Majesty* with your *soft Sex* complies,  
 And with a *double Beam* shot from your *Eyes* ;  
*Lofty* at once, and *gentle* does appear,  
 Nor yet too *tender* seems, nor too *severe*.

Such

Such gay *Innocence* from your *Aspect* springs,  
As *smiling Angels* shew, or *Infant Kings*.  
This *Affability* which with *State* does meer,  
Makes *Empire* great, and *Conversation* sweet.  
*Pleasant*, as *Birds* that all their life-time sing,  
And *cheerful*, as the *Morning-Light*, or *Spring*.  
Though these coincident we rarely find,  
An awful *State* with charming *Sweetness* joyn'd.  
Yet while you reconcile a different *Height*,  
And move at once our *wonder* and *Delight*.  
You all our fixed *Eyes* with *change* relieve,  
And to the *Prospect's* Bounty largely give.  
*Greatness* familiar made, seems to invite  
The *weakest Eye* to fix on *easy Height*.  
*Ascent* it is, but not in *steepness* high,  
Nor *inaccessible* to *Feet*, or *Eye*.  
But such whose top *Sight* travels up with ease,  
Led up and down by *Steps*, and just *Degrees*.

As in free *Prospect*, where our *Eyes* pursue  
Objects soon *changing*, and each object *new* ;  
This *rising Hill* the *Sight* first *climbs*, and then,  
*Comes* gently *down* to that *descending Plain*.

Though Power owns no *Peer*, you oft descend  
To be an *Equal*, and in that a *Friend*.  
Your *Throne* this *humble State* has higher shown,  
Making each *Step* below, an *under-Throne*.  
Your *smaller Royalties* to *Crowns* pretend,  
Best *private Lady*, *Mother*, *wife* and *Friend*.  
In *lesser Shapes*, and *low Relations* seen  
A *petty Sovereign*, and 'a *little Queen*.  
Not like *Heav'n* only, you *descend* to bless  
Your *lower World*, with *scatt'ring Influences*.  
But as in *Visions* most exalted *Show*,  
The lofty *Heavens* humbly seem to *bow*.  
While *Earth* and *distant Clouds*, like *Neighbours* bound,  
And *falling Skies* afar off *kiss* the *Ground*:

So, when *Humility* your Height does hide

(*Humility*, the noblest Prospect's *Pride*.)

Like *Heav'n*, you seem *let down* to our weak Sight,

Yet then like *Heav'n*, you keep your *shining Height*.

But your large *Heart* beyond your Rule extends,

So vastly good, it knows no *Shore*, nor *Ends*.

So *wide extended*, and so *full a Breast*,

The *world* less *habitable* is at best.

Those *little Spots* which in the *Globe* we view,

Stand *thicker* there, and their dimensions *true*.

So many *Kingdoms* though your *Thoughts* embrace,

*Great Britain* holds the first and chiefest *Place*.

If that does situate *farther off* appear,

Your kindness to Great CHARLES beholds it *near*.

Your *Bosom* gently layes up his *Affairs*,

And half the precious *Treasure* with him shares.

As your *Alliance* a new *Kindred* were,

*Consens* as in *Love*, so in *Thought* and *Care*.

Your *own* you govern with a *Mother's* hand,  
 And *Strangers* like *Domestiques* too command.  
 Both subject to as mild a *Scepter's* sway,  
 As what your *Passions*, and your *Thoughts* obey.  
 With *softness* you prevail, and *gentle Charms*,  
 More than ruder *Conqu'rors*, by *force of Arms*.  
 Your *Scepter* all subdues, or brighter *Eyes*,  
 All *Subjects* makes, or makes all your *Allies*.

---

*On the Duke of NEWBURGH's Entertainment, and Musick.*

SO large the *Bounty* of those *Woods*, which give  
 What these spread *Boards* as largely yet receive !  
 So fair the *Ven'son* in their *Forrests* bred,  
 Which on these *Tables* fairer show, now *Dead* !  
 That which to praise, *those* which such *Presents* make,  
 Or *these*, which th' huge *Presents* all intire take,  
 We

We are in doubt whether *each Dish* apart,  
 Or *Plenty* we should most commend, or *Art* ?  
*All*, we are sure, have equally exprest  
 A *Royal Hunter* Master of the Feast.

How many *Parks* and *Chases* call him *Lord* ?  
 That pay so vast a *Tribute* to his *Board*.  
 Those various *Bodies* that thus thick are strow'd  
 Cov'ring his *Tables* like another *Wood*;  
 Which with their fertile *Broods* pil'd up so high,  
 Show, as when once they darkned all the *Sky* ;  
 Both *Flesh* and *Fowl*, all that his Feasts adorn,  
 His *Subjects* are, and in his *Forrests* born.  
 The *Natives* of the *Air*, and of the *Field*,  
 All beneath his *Trees* live, or in them build.  
 The *Birds* that from long flights abroad are come,  
 Find in his *Boughs*, their yong and little *Home*.  
 Couch'd in his *Shades*, the *Deer*, their *Youth* there led,  
 Their *Shelter* seek, their *Food*, and grassy *Bed*.

All to their *Sov'reign's* Sports must fall, ev'n those  
Whose *Horns*, or *Tusks*, did guard them from their *Foes*;  
'Scape not his *Toils*, by their *arm'd Heads*, or *might*,  
Nor from his *Shafts* are sav'd, by *Heels*, or *Flight*.  
The noble *Stag*, who *Subjects* Darts disdain'd,  
Pierc'd by his *Prince*, as with best *Purple* stain'd,  
And *brave* in *wounds*, gladly resigns his *breath*;  
A *prouder Name* receiving from his *death*.  
Deriding *baser Toils*, the haughty *Boar*  
The *Royal Spear* dyes with his *richest gore*.  
*Both* in their *Walks*, no *Rival-Brute* did know,  
Nor of their *Herd*, nor *Man's*, a *Tyrant-Foe*.  
No *Horse*, nor *Hounds*, till now their *Shock* could stand,  
*Preferr'd* to perish by their *Master's hand* :  
To his victorious *hunting-Arms* they bow,  
And his *Lance*, as his *Scepter* great allow.  
From *meaner Wounds* preserv'd, and *common Fate*,  
*Both*, on the *Triumphs* of his *Pleasures* wait.



*upon several occasions.*

25

To him they ow, that they thus nobly bled;  
To him no less, that we commend them Dead.  
Prepar'd they seem, and drest, in being chac't,  
More of the Hunter, than themselves they tast.  
Each Bit all Ven'son is, and each Bit such,  
As proves diviner Ven'son from his Touch.  
As where his Dart had struck, it did infuse  
A rich, a fragrant, and delicious Juice.  
The Royal Hand that Seas'ning does impart,  
Which far transcends all Relishes of Art.  
So many Honours thus on these confer'd,  
More than on the unhappier living Herd,  
Thus from the rest distinguish'd; they appear  
Rank'd with the other wild Provisions here.  
Advanc'd by Favour to a prouder Place,  
Than what they in the Park possess, or Chase.  
Dogs, in the number of the waiters set,  
Their Prey attend, with their Companions met,

The

The *Game* they caught, their *silent Hopes* pursue,  
And *hunt*, though with *less noise*, yet still as *true*.

What they with *sound* of merry *Horn* did get,  
And *kill'd* with *Musick*, is with *Musick* eat.

The *Artists Sounds* maintain so swift a *Race*,  
As they resemble in their *Flight*, the *Chase*.

They touch their *Instruments* so *quick* and *small*,  
We can but only hear them touch'd at all.

So *quick* their *Notes*, as *Time* does not advance  
*Divisions* so short-liv'd in *Minute-dance*.

*Small*, as those *Air* with *Whispers* strook, does bear,  
*Notes*, which are lost, long e're they reach the *Ear*.

*Soft* and *swift*, as the *Spheres* in Motion chime,

'Tis *Angel's Musick*, kept with *Angel's Time*.

So *sung* they, and so *plaid*, as they had prov'd

The *self-same Passions*, which in us they mov'd.

Our trembling *Heart-strings*, toucht with the *same Hand*

As that, which does their *Instruments* command.

Their

Their *Strokes* return'd in *Eccho's* all unseen  
 From *Souls* of the like *Harmony* within.  
 Whether *Man's Love* or *Rage*, they made their *Theme*,  
 They wound our *Spirits* up, to each *Extreme*.  
 If *Wars* they boasted, or of *Nymphs* complain'd,  
 On our *Affections* both alike they gain'd.  
 Th' *Italian Voices* pleas'd, and mock'd us all,  
 Near us they rose, yet did at distance fall.  
 The *Eunuch's*, vying with the *Trumpet's Throat*,  
 Which farther stretch't, or higher rais'd their *Note*.  
 Both teaching us with pleasure to compare  
 The different Effects, of wanton *Air* ;  
 When easie *Nature* does it free impart,  
 Or when constrain'd, and elevate with *Art*.  
 Voices so tender, and so sweetly shrill,  
 With Delight pierce the *Sense*, and Wonder fill.  
 Trumpets so soft, as gently stroak the *Ear*,  
 Not wounding us with *Pleasure* so severe  
 Their

As

The *Game* they caught, their *silent Hopes* pursue,  
And *hunt*, though with *less noise*, yet still as *true*.

What they with *sound* of merry *Horn* did get,  
And *kill'd* with *Musick*, is with *Musick eat*.

The *Artists Sounds* maintain so swift a *Race*,  
As they resemble in their *Flight*, the *Chase*.

They touch their *Instruments* so quick and *small*,  
We can but only hear them touch'd at all.

So quick their *Notes*, as *Time* does not advance  
*Divisions* so short-liv'd in *Minute-dance*.

*Small*, as those *Air* with *Whispers* strook, does bear,  
*Notes*, which are lost, long e're they reach the *Ear*.

*Soft* and *swift*, as the *Spheres* in Motion chime,  
'Tis *Angel's Musick*, kept with *Angel's Time*.

So sung they, and so plaid, as they had prov'd  
The self-same *Passions*, which in us they mov'd.

Our trembling *Heart-strings*, toucht with the same *Hand*  
As that, which does their *Instruments* command.

Their

Their *Strokes* return'd in *Eccho's* all unseen  
From *Souls* of the like *Harmony* within.

Whether *Man's Love* or *Rage*, they made their *Theme*,  
They wound our *Spirits* up, to each *Extreme*.

If *Wars* they boasted, or of *Nymphs* complain'd,  
On our *Affections* both alike they gain'd.

Th' *Italian* Voices pleas'd, and mock'd us all,  
Near us they rose, yet did at distance fall.

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Which farther stretch't, or higher rais'd their *Note*.

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When easie *Nature* does it free impart,

Or when constrain'd, and elevate with *Art*.

Voices so tender, and so sweetly shrill,

With Delight pierce the *Sense*, and Wonder fill.

Hand Trumpets so soft, as gently stroak the *Ear*,

Not wounding us with *Pleasure* so severe

Their

As

As those that catch the *Breaths* of *dying Men*,  
Such *Blasts* as these, would make them *live again*.

---

*On a fair Lady, looking in the Glass.*

**T**He *Sun* beholding so as he does pass,  
His *floating Face* in *Water's* liquid *Glass*,  
The *glitt'ring Circle*, with delight surveys;  
And *Heav'ns*, on their own bright *Reflexion* gaze:  
Seeming to view with an *admiring Beam*,  
Another *Sun*, and *Heav'ns*, in the *Stream*.  
As *she* with only *looking on*, *pourtrayes*  
The glorious *Image*, *darted* from her *Rayes*;  
*Surpriz'd*, to see what on a sudden there  
Has started up, so yong, so fresh, so fair.  
Her *Shadow*, with such curious *Art* does *gild*  
The *shining Mirror*, with a *new Light* fill'd,

That  
In

*upon several occasions.*

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That well may she with just *Amazement* eye,  
What only can pretend with her to vye.  
Her *other Self*, like *Her*, surpriz'd does show,  
Her *Features* mocks, and mocks her *Wonder* too.  
The *Am'rous Glance* in striving to excell,  
Does seem to court her ever *here to dwell*.  
Proud of the *transient Shape*, it does present,  
Could gladly wish it *fixt*, and *permanent*.  
*Fixt*, as those *Statues* we in *Gardens* place,  
Viewing in *Fountains* still their carved *Face*.

Could it alas, her *Pourtrait* but retain !  
It would endure no other *Figures* stain.  
What her *Stamp* seals, as *sacred* to her *Smile*,  
No soiling *Look*, prophanely would *defile*.  
Or should there any *Beauties* be, that dare,  
Their *Spots*, or *Graces*, by this *Glass* compare ;  
Her *Eyes*, before *theirs*, thus it would prefer,  
In flatt'ring them, by truly shewing *Her*.

Nor

Nor would the sweet *Impression stamp* in *Air*,  
So lovely have appear'd, or half so fair ;  
Did not the same *Resemblance polish* give,  
And *Lustre* add, to what should it receive.  
She *dress*ing by her *Glass*, her *Glass* has *dress*d,  
And *richly* with her *airy Shape* possesst.  
But when too soon the fair unkind retires,  
The *short-liv'd Beauty* that shin'd here, expires.  
And as the *beamy Glance* does disappear,  
And *vanishes*, we know not *how*, nor *where*,  
Leaving no *Print* behind, no *feeble Ray*,  
That might discover where it once did stay.  
The *brittle Sphere* all *darkned* thus, will mourn  
The *frail Glory* lost, it did return.  
And of her *radiant Likeness* then complain,  
That *naked* as it was, 'tis left again.



## *The Thought.*

*To a Lady, enquiring after him in his Travels.*

**S**ince in the *Travels* of your *Thought*,  
One, chancing from the *rest* to stray,  
Your *Commendations* to me brought,  
And th' *Errand* done, would needs away.

Though I could longer entertain  
The *little Traveller* with me,  
And wish't for all its *fellow-Train*,  
And all its pretty *Company*.

Yet since from me, it needs would part,  
I wish'd it back again with you ;  
But then I wish'd too, that my *Heart*  
Might as its *Page*, or *Lackey* go.

I wish'd for *flying Coach* as brave,  
As artificial, and as fair,  
As any *Thoughts* of *Fashion* have,  
When they *ride out*, to take the *Air*.

*Postilian* too, and all things gay,  
As any of the Noble *rest*,  
The *Thoughts* of *Quality*, that stray  
From out the *Lodgings* of your *Breast*.

My *flying Hat* and *Pumps* I'd try on,  
Could I but swift as *Post-Thought* go;  
So like the *Post-Divine* I'd fly on,  
Both *wing'd* above, and *wing'd* below.

Petrilla, in Jewels.

**T**Hese *Diamonds* and noble *Gems*,  
Which *Nature* of that *price* esteems,  
As she such precious *Goods* conceals  
Lock't up in *Coffers* of their *Shells*,  
As there, her *little Treasure* boarded lay,  
Till *Light*, whom no *Recess* can blind,  
Her *Riches hidden* thus does find;  
And having with a gentle *Beam*  
Smooth'd first the rough unpolish'd *Gem*,  
Brings forth its pretty *Smiles* to light of *Day*.

These, to their *Parents*, *Sun*, and *Earth*,  
Ow their bright *Parentage* and *Birth*;  
From *Earth*, a *Mother's Blessing* have,  
As *Sun*, their *shining Portion* gave:

But to their fair *Possessor* more they owe ;  
Their *Mistress*, for their *Service* had,  
Does *Beauty*, and does *Riches* add,  
That *Dower*, which their *Parents* sent,  
As she *improves*, she does *augment* ;  
They *Legacies*, she *Jointure* does bestow.

*Pearls*, borrow still from her more *white*,  
And *Diamonds*, a greater *Light*,  
Till doubling both their dazling *Ray*,  
Their *pointed flames* create a *Day* ;  
*Day*, springing from her *Glories*, and *their own*.  
Ah ! may not we to cruel *Her*  
Their *rocky Hardness* too refer.  
She *Love* receives with such a scorn,  
As she *amongst them* had been *born*,  
And were *amidst* the *Gems* *obdurate* grown.

*All Eyes* yield to the radiant *Stone*,  
*It self* to no force yields alone.  
*She*, fair like them, and hardly fierce,  
*Unpierc't* her self, does others pierce;  
Though *they*, and *she*, pierce with a different *Dart*.  
For if both boast a pow'rful *flame*,  
Their Power yet is not the same;  
And we acknowledge still, *her fires*  
Superior are, and master *theirs*,  
*Their Lustres* strike the *Eye*, but *hers* the *Heart*.

---

*Greatness in Little.*

**I**N spotted *Globes*, that have resembled all  
Which *we*, or *Beasts* possess, to one great *Ball*;  
Dimme little *Specks* for thronging *Cities* stand,  
*Lines* wind for *Rivers*; *Blots* bound *Sea* and *Land*.

Small are those *Spots*, which in the *Moon* we view  
Yet *Glasses* these, like *Shades of Mountains* shew ;  
As what an *even Brightness* does retain,  
A *glorious Level* seems, and *shining Plain*.  
Those *Crouds of Stars* in the *populous Sky*,  
Which *Art* beholds as *twinkling Worlds* on high,  
Appear to naked, unassisted Sight,  
No more than *Sparks*, or *slender points of Light*.  
The *Sun*, a *flaming Universe* alone,  
Bigger than *that*, about which his *fires* run ;  
Enlightning *ours*, his *Globe* but part does gild,  
Part by his *Lustre*, or *Earths Shades* conceal'd ;  
His *Glory* dwindled so, as what we spy  
Scarce fills the *narrow Circle* of the *Eye*.  
What new *America's* of *Light* have been  
Yet *undiscover'd* there, or yet *unseen*,  
*Art's* near *Approaches* awfully forbid,  
As in the *Majesty* of *Nature* hid.

*Nature*, who with like *State*, and equal *Pride*,  
Her *Great Works* does in *Height* and *Distance* hide,  
And shuts up her *Minuter Bodies* all  
In curiour frames, *imperceptibly small*.  
Thus still *incognito*, she seeks *Recess*  
In *Greatness half-seen*, or *dimme Littleness*.

Ah, happy *Littleness* ! that art thus blest,  
That *greatest Glories* aspire to seem *least*.  
Even those *install'd* in a higher *Sphere*,  
The *higher* they are rais'd, the *less* appear,  
And in their *Exaltation*, emulate  
Thy *humble Grandeur*, and thy *modest State*.  
Nor is this all thy *Praise*, though not the *least*,  
That *Greatness*, is thy *Counterfeit* at best.  
Those *swelling Honours*, which in that we prize,  
Thou dost contain in thy more *thrifty Size* ;

And hast that *Pomp*, *Magnificence* does boast,  
Though in thy *Stature*, and *Dimensions* lost.

Those rugged little *Bodies*, whose parts rise,  
And fall, in various *Inequalities* ;

*Hills*, in the *Risings* of their *Surface* show,  
As *Vallies*, in their hollow *Pits* below.

*Pompous* these *lesser things*, but yet less rude  
Then *uncompact*, and looser *Magnitude*.

What *Skill* is in the *frame* of *Insects* shown ?

How *fine* the *Threds*, in their *small Textures* spun ?

How *close* those *Instruments* and *Engines* knit,

Which *Motion*, and their *slender Sense* transmit ?

Like *living watches*, each of these conceals

A thousand *Springs of Life*, and *moving wheels*.

Each *Ligature* a *Lab'rynth* seems, each part

All wonder is, all *workmanship* and *Art*.



Rather let me this *little Greatness* know,  
Then all the *Mighty Acts* of *Great Ones* do.  
These *Engines* understand, rather than prove  
An *Archimedes*, and the *Earth* remove.  
These *Atom-Worlds* found out, I would despise  
*Columbus*, and his vast *Discoveries*.

---

*Beauty of Chance.*

WHO *Nature* busie in her *Shop* have seen,  
And with the *Mistress* too, her *Hand-maid, Art*;  
At work on what her *Mistress* did begin,  
And filling up, and finishing each part.

Have in their curious Search, yet nothing found,  
For *Workmanship*, or *Beauty*, to compare  
With what blind *Fortune* fashions under ground;  
Nothing in *Art* so gay, or *Nature* fair.

The *Tulip-buds* rais'd by her gentle hand,  
Prove *Chance* not *blind*, but *we* that call her so;  
Who, neither how she forms them understand,  
Nor how the *Blind* can *Skill in Colours* show.

If *Nature* to these *Flowers* lays a Claim;  
Why do they not her *steady Lawes* obey?  
Like *Fortune's Subjects*, they are ne're the *Same*,  
And *Chance*, their *Queen*, less *fickle* is than they.

*Roses*, in their *first Crimson dress* appear,  
*Lillies*, their *antient Braveries* display,  
And *Violets* the *same blue Mantles* wear,  
They wore, on their *Creation's great-Show-Day*.

But *Tulips* each *new Year*, their *Robes* have *new*,  
*Fertile in Colours*, with the *fertile Spring*;  
All *shades* pursuing still, save only *Blue*,  
The *Season's Changes*, markt in *theirs* they bring.  
These,

*These*, that like *freckled Beauties* now appear,  
Their *freckles* gone, boast *clearer white* and *red*;  
Their *Colours* changing with the *changing Year*,  
They, with new *Smiles* and *Blushes* dye their *Bed*.

*Those* which sprung from their Mothers *painted womb*,  
In *naked Yellow*, shew a *tawny Skin*;  
In new Successions *fairer* yet will come,  
And *white*, as in their *naked Smocks* be seen.

The *widow*, in her *Royal Purple* vail'd,  
That *hangs* her *head*, till her *short Mourning's* done;  
When she her *time* of *widow-hood* has wail'd,  
*Light Colours*, and strip'd *Indian Silks* puts on.

Their sev'ral *Streaks* and *Stains* who thus would trace,  
As vain a *Project*, and *successless tries*;  
As he, who *Proteus* paints with one *fixt face*,  
Or limns the *necks* of *Doves*, with all their *dies*.

The

The chang'd *leaves* of each new *Flow'r*, change anew,  
Nay, each *Stripe*, disagreeing *dies* does bear,  
As on each *leaf*, new *Tulips* grafted grew,  
And each apart, a *Crop* of *Glory* were.

Their *Folds*, all unlike their *pied Neighbours* blown,  
Various, as *Folds* of *Taffaties* appear ;  
All *paintings* of the *Garden* show in one,  
And all the differing *Motlies* of the *Year*.

The *particolour'd Buds* thus num'rous bred,  
The *Children* are of married *Light* and *Shade* ;  
From their *Cottion* form'd ith' *Tulip-Bed*,  
Brought forth, by *Fortune's Midwif'ry* and aid.

These more compounded, *Fortune's Stroakings* make,  
Those mingled less, *Marks* of their *Parents* bear ;  
The *Purple*, their *black Mothers* Features take,  
And their *white Fathers* lineaments, the *Fair*.  
Could

Could *living fair ones*, *living Tulips* so,  
As they resemblances in *Beauty* hold,  
Like resemblances in their *Changes* show ;  
Changing more lovely still, as they grow old.

Could *Lover's Beauties*, like the *Florist's*, bloom,  
And ever blow afresh, they would not grieve,  
That those *impairing Tears* which are to come,  
Take from their *Loves*, what they to *Flowers* give.

---

*Magnificence under Ground.*

**I**N that deep *Gulf*, where all *past Times* are thrown,  
Where *waning Moons*, and *setting Suns* are gone.  
There, *Moneths*, and *Days*, extinguishing their *Light*,  
Are lost, and buried in *eternal Night*.  
Our *Fathers Ages*, and our *Youth* there cast,  
Our *Yesterdaies*, and their *thousand Tears* past.

All hid in that thick *Darkness*, which invades  
*New-born Man's* fair *Paradise*, and blest *Shades*.  
*Man's Heav'n on Earth*, to us as much unknown,  
As that *Heav'n in Reversion* *Man's* alone.  
Our *Parents Labours*, vanish't with their *Ground*,  
Both under *Water* once, ne're since were found.  
Sunk in that *Floud*, when th' *Earth* lost in the *Deep*,  
As in the *Sea* of *Chaos*, lay asleep.  
Till rising *Billows*, into *Hills* did swell,  
As their *sunk Spaces*, into *Vallies* fell.  
That *World*, the *Deluge* whole at once drank down,  
*Time* yet in *parts*, and by *degrees*, does drown.  
*Time*, which stronger than a full *Sea* does run,  
With a *High-Tide* comes ever flowing on,  
And with a lawless, and impetuous sway,  
Bears all that would controul its force, away.  
Those *Bounds* set by *Fame*, having once o'reflown,  
Their *Shipwrackt Spires*, are in *low Water* shown.  
Were

Were there a *Globe*, in which we all could see  
The *World* *revers'd*, in *Fates* *Geography*.  
Could we the *Antients* *Drown'd* *Lands* all there view,  
And with them, all their *buried* *Treasure* too.  
The vast *Plantations* of all *Ages* *Dead*,  
The *fallen* *Tow'rs*, and *Towns* in *Ruines* spread.  
The *Cities*, and *Inhabitants*, there thrust,  
*Cities*, now measuring *new* *Bounds* in *Dust* ;  
And with their *Suburbs* stretching by degrees,  
Until, they border on th' *Antipodes* ;  
Their enlarg'd *Limits* downwards cast so far,  
As they *Confiners*, on *Earth's* *Center* were.  
*Compar'd* with this *dark* *Globe* of all below,  
How small a *Point*, would *this* *Globe* of ours show ?  
Or what of th' *Old* *World's* *standing*, or the *New*,  
With what the *Graves* of both, conceal from view.  
All that remains yet high, or strong, or fair,  
In vain we equal to those *Reliques* there.

What

What *Death* under the *Tropicks* has possess'd,  
What beneath each *Pole*, what from *East* to *West* ;  
That little left unburied of the *Masse*,  
Does in *Circumference*, as far surpass  
As both the *Northern*, and the *Southern Dead*  
In *Number*, all the *Living Race* exceed.

In this *low World's* dark *Countries* under Ground,  
*Geographers*, another *Rome* have found.  
Those *Amphitheatres* that climb'd the *Sky*,  
*Climb downwards* now, and are in *Earth* as high.  
So great their *Ruines*, and so proud their *Fall*,  
Their *Height* revers'd, they are in *Depth* as tall.  
*Troy*, *Thebes*, and *Carthage*, sunk long since, did go  
*Metropolis'es* to the *World* below.  
Their *Empire*, and their *Height*, translated there,  
Leaving no *Marks* of their *old Greatness* here.  
The *Tyrian Princes* dead, *new Honours* boast,  
*Themselves*, more richly with their *Purple* lost.

*Egypt's*



*Egypt's black Kings* enshrin'd with th' *Idol-Rat*,  
*Embalmd*, thought once *immortal* too, as *that* ;  
From rottenness of *vulgar Graves* though free,  
They linger out a long *Mortality*,  
Kept fresh some *Hundred years* of *Death*, those past,  
Mixe with the *Ashes* of their *Tombs* at last.  
Some place unknown, as th' *Head* of their own *Nile*,  
Their *Royal Dust* depos'd, confounds with *Vile*.  
Their *Monuments*, with *them*, *themselves* interre,  
And in their *Quarry* fall, and *Sepulcher* ;  
Swallow'd in that vast *Heap*, where all things lie,  
That are *unborn*, and all return, that *die* ;  
In that *Abyss*, all *Springs* of *Beings* sleep,  
As *Rivers*, lost within their *Mother-Deep*.

*The Intellectual Prospect.*

**I**N *Prospects* op'ning wide to our large view  
A *Countrey* far remov'd, yet near in shew.  
Our *Eye*, quick as *Heav'ns* great-*short* Journies makes,  
Measures the *Bounds*, and *Distance* over-takes.  
The *Vallies*, humbly falling here, surveys,  
Who, on *themselves* in *Streams* betwixt 'em, gaze.  
Ascending there, with prouder *Hills* does rise,  
*Hills*, seen far off above the *falling* *Skies*.  
Strayes in the *Woods* *uncut*, and those *cut down*,  
The *wood* of *Buildings*, throng'd into a *Town*.  
If, besides these, ought in the *Prospect* lives,  
Which *Life* adds to the whole, and *Motion* gives;  
Flying *Fowl* above, moving *Men* below,  
With those *Sight* *flies*, with these, it does but goe.  
The differing *Shapes* and *Species* seen in *Air*,  
Which fill'd, and furnish't out the *Hemisphere*;

In the same Order pass into the Eye,  
And in that small *Sphere*, *Plains* and *Mountains* lie,  
Their *Greatness* undiminish'd, and their *Height* ;  
Invading yet no other *Object's Right* :  
*Each*, filling by it self, its intire *Place*,  
Distinguish'd from the rest, by distant *Space*.  
The *Eye*, with *unknown Art*, does all contain,  
And with *like Art*, transmits 'em to the *Brain*.  
The *Landscape's* vary'd *Scene* resembled there,  
The same appears in *Fancy's Hemisphere*.  
*Hills*, whose *blue Height* at distance fill'd the *Eye*,  
Like *Hills*, in the *High Countries* of the *Sky* ;  
Seem in the *Thought* as full of lofty *State*,  
*High* without raising, without swelling *great* :  
*Vales*, without falling, *low* ; and new *Vales* seen  
Without *Reflexion*, in the *Streams* between.  
The *Woods*, where *Beasts*, or herded *Men* abide,  
As thick are planted there, and near their side

*Fantastick People* too, in *false Fields* move,  
And *Fowl*, in larger *Fields* of *Air* above ;  
Swift, as the *winged Thought*, that feigns their *flight*,  
Yet never *soaring* out of *inward Sight* ;  
Though with their *fancied wings*, they higher *fly*,  
And traverse all th' *imaginary Sky*.

*Fancy*, all these *Resemblances* does trace,  
Each *Figure* frames, and for each *Figure*, *place*.  
Moulds all the *Shapes*, *shapeless* it self, as *Air*,  
Abounding yet, with all presented *there*.  
Though *void of Colour*, as the *naked Light*,  
Or what no less is unadorn'd, the *Sight* ;  
Does *Clouds* in *Thoughts* of *sev'ral Colours* show,  
And all the *gaudy Pride* o'th' *Heav'nly Bow* :  
Gilding these *Clouds*, a brighter *Thought* does run,  
Shines *without Beams*, and seems to mock the *Sun*.  
Yet blinding not the *Intellectual View*,  
Though it breaks forth, as glorious as the *true*.

*upon several occasions.*

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The *Image* of the radiant *Excellence*  
Copied from *Art*, or copied from the *Sense*.  
*Huge*, as that *San*, which *Notion* does descry,  
Or *small* as *that*, which strikes th' unlearned *Eye* ;  
When seeming there, to fix his *wandering Light*,  
He fills the little *shining Globe* of *Sight* ;  
While the *Heav'ns* inclos'd in those *small Spheres* ;  
Strained no more, then in the *Spheres* above. (move,  
The *little Heav'ns* there abridg'd, the *Mind*  
Far more *enlarg'd* presents, and *unconfin'd*.  
What in *Extent* is vast, in *Depth*, or *Height*,  
All that approaches near to *Infinite* ;  
*Extremest Distances*, and *endless Space*,  
The *Mind*, without *dilating* does embrace,  
Climbs *Precipices*, of *unknown Access* ;  
Sounds *Gulfs*, unfathomably *Bottomless* ;  
And in it self, th' *Advantages* presents  
Of *Prospects* from great *Deeps*, or vast *Ascents* :

The *Stars* above obscur'd by *greater Light*,  
Shining below, as in some *Pit's* false *Night*;  
Without descending into *Darkness* there,  
Sees better, in its own *enlightned Sphere*.  
Then, like as it were lifted up *on high*,  
The *Earth's* low *Globe*, it does far off descry;  
Small, as one of the *Moon's* *Earth-spots* in show,  
Which seems a *point* of *Land* to those below.  
The *Mind* extending thus its large survey  
Beyond the *Bounds* of *Darkness*, and of *Day*,  
*All Objects* sees, *it Self* alas! alone  
*Hid* to it self, and ~~to~~ it self *unknown*.  
What *Bright Things* dazle not, nor *Great* confound,  
Nor in the *Multitude* of *many's* drown'd;  
Surmounting *all*, is with *it Self* o're-come,  
*Knows* all *Abroad*, and *Stranger* is at *Home*.

---

*The Revolutions of Fate.*

**A**S none of all the *Elements* there be  
So *uncompounded*, and from *Mixture* free,  
As we can say, so far this *pure* extends,  
Here that *begins*, or there the *other ends*.  
For *limits*, or *partitions* they have *none*,  
Or those they have at least, to us *unknown*.  
So, in the *Civil Elements* of *States*,  
Which seem thus varied by resembling fates;  
*Strangers* and *Natives* both *alike* have place,  
And variously *compound* a *mingled Race*.  
What the first *Planters*, or first *Kings* engross't,  
Is in *wide Fields* of long *Successions* lost.  
Their *antient Boundaries* as much unknown,  
As the *Right Lines* of all those *Ages* gone.  
The same *Sea*, with new *Waves* does ebb and flow,  
So while one Age does come, another go,

The *Race* inherits still the Common Name,  
Though not one *Individual* is the Same.  
Each Hundred Years, *new Natives* rise ; the Change  
In some few *Centuries*, is yet more strange,  
For notwithstanding all that *Time* has won,  
It has but won from *Generations* gone.  
Though *Commerce* by degrees some *Change* may gain,  
Yet *Kingdoms*, in the *gross*, the *Same* remain.  
But *Conquests*, in an instant do translate  
The *Form* of the depopulated *State*.  
And like those lesser *Tributary Seas*,  
Each of which, *Homage* to the *Ocean* pays ;  
The *little Kingdom's* Names no more are found,  
In one *great Empire* swallow'd up, and drown'd.

The *lesser Revolutions*, and the *great*,  
Which *wars*, and *Traffique*, introduce in *State* ;  
Some Correspondence, and Resemblance bear  
With those are wrought by *water*, *Earth*, and *Air* ;  
Which



Which in their *Intercourse* maintain a *Trade*,  
 Their *layings out*, by *comings in* defray'd ;  
*Importing* such *new Riches* to their *Store*,  
 As equal, what *Exported* was before.  
 Commuting thus *in kind*, till they receive  
 All that the *Bounty of Exchange* can give.  
 When they the *Priv'ledges* of each invade,  
 Their *Laws* once broke, *War* puts a stop to *Trade*.  
 Th' *Invasion* then new *Liberties* does gain,  
 And turns the *Fields*, into a *liquid Plain*.  
 While *forreign Deluges*, the *Coasts* o'recome,  
*Land-Flouds*, in *Civil Wars*, waſt all at home.

So many *Changes*, as the *World* has prov'd,  
 Which moſt of its old *Land-marks* have remov'd.  
*Earth-quakes* o're-turning *Hills*, that long had ſtood  
 The *Monuments* of ſome forgotten *Floud* ;  
 While the uſurping *Main*, has *Iſlands* rent  
 In rude divorces, from the *Continent* :

So many wild *Confusions*, Fate has wrought  
In *Governments*, to various *Ruines* brought.  
A formidable *Force* prevailing here,  
One *Limb* of *Empire* from the *rest*, does tear ;  
Leaving no *Marks*, that guide us where to find  
It once was *leagu'd*, nor where it first *disjoyn'd*.  
Those *Heights* of *Power* there, their *fall* begin  
From *Rebel-Motions* of their own *within* ;  
Standing, like *antient Hills*, of *Rise* unknown,  
Yet straight beneath the common *Level* thrown :  
Like *Earth* op'ning it self in *Graves*, thus *Pow'r*  
It self does *all at once* it self *devour*.  
Or like the *Deep*, of *Islands* half-possess,  
It *drowns* the *Bounds*, and sets *afloat* the *rest*.

Nor *Islands* yet more turns of fortune share,  
(Though neither *stable* in their *Earth*, nor *Air*)  
Nor prove more *Fates*, then *Governments* have run,  
By many *Arts* first rais'd, by more undone.

What

What *Flouds*, and *Earth-quakes*, *Hurricanes* and *Storms*,  
What all, or each of these apart performs,  
Confounding all the *Lawes* of *Place* and *Site*,  
*Vandals* and *Gothes* have done, t'extinguish *Right*.  
The World's first *Owners* from their lost *Seats* fled,  
Their *Arms* long since have *disinherited*.  
Th' usurping *Families*, and *Leaders* new,  
The *Seats* of *Empire* all translated too :  
We dig in *Ruines* deep, for what lies hid  
With dark *Oblivion* of the *Grave* o're-spread,  
And of old *Lands* and *Planters* so much know,  
As *Maps* of old *Names*, yet obscurely show.  
Their *antiquated Titles* only read,  
They're spoke of, as the *Countries* of the *Dead*.  
Such slight *Remembrances* of all survive ;  
We doubt, if yet our *Fathers* once did live.  
Their antient *Homes* so chang'd, we hardly know  
Whether they be the *Same* they were, or no.

That

That *Barbarism*, which *Western Thrones* possess,  
Fills now the *learned Chairs* of all the *East*.

*Egypt* a *Den*, and *Greece* turn'd *Wilderness*,  
*Wild Beasts* dwell there, where *Sages* did profess.

Their *Sophies* now, succeeding in the place  
Of the lost *Tiſt's*, and *painted Britain's Race*.

Thus *Learning* has *Seth's Pillars* far out-gone,  
And *Pow'r*, beyond th' *Herculean Columns* run.

Thus spreading *Arms* and *Arts* at once extend,  
No *Thule*, nor *Ganges* know, nor utmost *End*;

Unbounded both, as *Alexander's Heart*,

Or what was larger, *Archimedes Art* :

Bold *Archimedes*, had his *Boasts* prov'd true,

Th' *Old world* had mov'd, had he found out the *New*.

*Light.*

*Light.*

**D**ivineſt Excellence, that Mortals ſee !  
Bright Cloud, and Shadow of the Deity !  
Who, faireſt Stroak of Heaven art in view,  
An Angel in each Beam bear'ſt, and Heav'n too.  
Thou, like thoſe youthful ſmiling Beauties there,  
Ever yong appear'ſt, ever ſmiling fair :  
Tong, as on thine own, and the world's Birth-day,  
When Light new-born, ſmil'd with an Infant-Ray.  
Spirit in Glory, Spirit too in Race,  
Thou Angel's wings, joyn'ſt to thine Angel's Face.  
A Venus, on the wing of each Ray moves,  
Venus, descending with her Silver Doves.  
So ſwift, thou through the world doſt Journies make,  
Night, as it ſteals, thou almoſt doſt o're-take.  
Though faſt as the Blind run, ſhe haſts away,  
To hide her Nakedneſs, from peep of Day.

The

The little *Birds* thou wak'nest in the *Groves*,  
To tell in *Songs*, the *Stories* of their *Loves*.  
But first the *Cock*, thou railest from his *Dream*,  
With *crowing* to salute thy *dawning Beam*.  
Thy *Curtains* then half-drawn, a *glance* dost throw,  
To wake *Day's* slumb'ring *Images* below.  
From out new-rising *Clouds*, new *Colours* peep,  
Which once *unborn*, did in their *Shadows* sleep.

While *Darkness* over all had spread a *Shade*,  
This *World*, which *Beds* for all the *Living* made,  
Look't like the *World* of *Graves* below, where *Dead*  
In *low'r Rooms* slept, as *Living*, over-head.  
Thin *Shadows*, did for grosser *Bodies* walk,  
And *Ghosts* of *Objects*, did for *Objects* stalk.  
All *Beings*, lay *unsorted* in the dark,  
Known by no *Seal*, nor diff'ring *Stamp*, nor *Mark*.

But

But when the *Resurrection* we behold,  
And *Chaos* disappears, and what look't old.  
*Young Nature* in her *Morning-Dress* we view,  
With *rosie Cheeks*, and *Face* new wash't in *Dew*.  
Fresh, as the blooming *Spring*, she does appear,  
Or what is *Emblem*, of the circling *Tear* ;  
Which *changing Youth*, and *Beauty* does adorn,  
As *Time* is still in *new Successions* born.

As thousand of thy subtle *Darts*, do pierce  
The *shaded Spaces*, of the *Universe*.  
The *painted Scenes* above, at once they show,  
And *gay Dominions* of the *Eye* below.  
All *gandy Royalties* of *Sight*, that lie  
Extended far, as the *blue Sea* and *Sky*;  
What *Heav'nly Gayety* is, or *Earthly Pride*,  
Light *stained* is, or *Light diversify'd*.

What

What paints the *Woods*, and what the *Gardens* bear,  
 Are all thy various *Fashions*, which they wear.  
 The *Trees* with *Blossom* fair, and big with *Bud*,  
 Are clad according to the *Season's Mode*.  
*Plums*, with the *Year's*, their *Fashion's* changes shew,  
 In *greener Youth*, and in their *Age's blue*.

That *mellow Purple*, which does *Peaches* crown,  
*Blondless Cheeks* promis'd first, and *early Down*.

The *Virgin-Rose*, in *Infant Colours* shown,  
 A *fuller Blush* displays, when *fully blown*.  
 And *Tulips*, springing from their *striped Bed*,  
 Show *fainter* first, then *deeper white* and *red*.  
 Thus *Nature's Pictures*, fram'd of *Light* and *Shade*,  
 At *different times*, have *different Colours* laid ;  
 And after many *Variations* past,  
 Their perfect *Strokes*, and *Stains* receive at last.



But no where yet thou dost vouchsafe to show  
Such *Bounty*, or such *Riches*, as below.

When thou descend'st, to give a *beauteous Birth*,  
To more *refined Veins*, of *shining Earth*.

To ripen *Silver Mines*, thou dost convey,  
A *Lustre*, like the *Moon's*, a *paler Ray*.

But *treasur'st* up thy *richest Beams* in *Gold*;  
*Gold*, by whose *Beams*, the *Sun* himself's controul'd.

Ev'n *barren Rocks*, that nothing would produce  
Of real *Value*, or substantial *Use*,  
Thy *precious Influence* makes to teem with *worth*,  
When they all *Diamond*, and all *Gem* break forth.  
By thee, within each *Angle's* prison shut,  
*Gems*, fairer are, then by the *Artist*, cut:

They *dancing Lustres* dart, but *Chrystals* are  
Thy constant, and transparent *Thorow-fare*.

Could we thus still thy *Flight* pursue, and trace  
Thee in thy *Travels*, and thy pathless *Waies*,  
Soaring above the *Clouds*, a pitch so high  
As thy Bright *Home*, and *Residence* does lie ;  
*Eagles*, that dare the *Sun*, cannot behold  
Those *daz'ling Glories* there, thou dost unfold :  
    *Glories*, that all *unsullied* still remain,  
Which no *Shades* dead, nor *Exhalations* stain.

There, stamp't in *Stars*, thou dost for ever shine,  
Or in such *Shapes*, as *Visions* paint *Divine*.  
Those *naked Souls*, which *Bodies* left *undress't*,  
With *Bodies* such as *thine*, themselves invest.  
*These*, as thy *Nature*, *Distance* does obscure,  
Or, our *weak Eyes* cannot such light endure.  
    Ah, why hast thou so many *Beauties* shown,  
    And *Angels*, and thy *Self* conceal'd alone !

## Air.

**S**pirit and Soul of all, which art let in  
To ev'ry Breast, and like a Soul; unseen;  
Enter'st without disturbance, noise, or strife,  
The *smallest Passages* of Sense, and Life;  
Which, open to thy *soft Access* as free,  
As the *least Pores* of Heaven, or Earth, or Sea:  
Working, ith' *World without*, as ours *within*,  
A State of Life, *untroubled* and *serene*.

Such *equal Measures*, as the *Pulse* does bear,  
The *Breath*, in quick Returns of *Air* does meet.  
What Motion, *Nature*, or resembling *Art*  
Does give, by thy Conveyance they impart;  
Whilst with an easie and a gentle Gale  
Thou fill'st each spreading *wing*, and flying *Sail*,  
That *soft* and *smooth* like thee, they cut their way  
Through the *blue* upper, and the lower *Sea*.

Through those *white waving Clouds*, that ebb and flow  
Like the *resembling Waves*, that roul below,  
Thou spreadst ; extended where the *Sight* does fail,  
As wide as *Ships* can fly, or *Birds* can sail.  
These in thy *Race*, thou leavest far behind,  
Though *wings*, they seem to borrow from the *Wind* ;  
And both the *navigable Skie*, and *Sea*,  
*yield* of themselves, to make their passage free.

When *Arrows*, in their *pointed flight* do tear,  
And *Bullets*, with their *round wounds* gore the *Air* ;  
Before it *opens*, but to have them gone,  
And *closes* soon behind, to *push* them on.  
To *strokes* of *Sounds*, it does consent to *yield*,  
As it were *tickled*, and with *pleasure* fill'd ;  
And *loth* to *lose* them, when their flight they take,  
It *keeps* them long, and *fled*, *recalls* them back.

How is't, that they are lifted up on high ?  
 Or being lifted up, how is't, they fly ? (they,  
 Which *wings* are they, that *Sounds* transport ? Which  
 That wandring *Odours*, from afar convey ?  
 What *Hand* can steer them in their Course so right,  
 And wandring in so many *paths*, unite ?  
 How can they at such *Distance* meet ? and *there*,  
 At the same instant be, that they are *here* ?

By what *Art* is it, that the same *Sounds* strike  
 The *Ears* of many *Hearers*, all alike,  
 And pierce the *Sense* so quick, when scatter'd wide  
 And far disperst, they many wayes divide ?  
 What secret *Pipes*, and *Cavities* unknown,  
 Transmit them so distinctly, one by one ?  
 Where are those lost, which start aside, and stray,  
 Since nought can intercept them in their way ?

How seems the *Horn*, to snatch the *Air* so short,  
 And so the *News*, of each *Success* report,  
 And all the *Bus'ness*, of the *Chace* declare,  
 As remote *Hunters* in the *Pleasure* share?  
 In what wild *Notes*, does *War* approach the Ear,  
 When *Trumpets*, bring a *distant-Battel* near,  
 And *Sounds*, seem so to *skirmish* in their flight,  
 As they in *Air*, began th' *approaching Fight*.

Some, perishing for want of *stronger Breath*,  
 In *gentle whispers* lost, and *silent Death*.  
 Others, expiring in their *last rebounds*  
 Kill'd by the *Thunder*, of more *potent sounds*.  
 Some, vanishing into a *softer Sigh*,  
 As some, with the *short Gasps* of *Eccho's* die.

These, in deep *Groans*, or piercing *Shreeks* are fled,  
 While those drop down, which *stronger force* does  
 (dead.  
 What

What various *Changes*, in one *Trumpet* meet?

As *Sounds* increasing, did new *Sounds* beget.

So thick they issue, and succeed so fast,

As each, did strive to overtake the last.

With double speed, each hasting to repair

The *Breaches*, which the former made in *Air*.

Each *Breath*, which does that *single Throat* inspire,

Swells pregnant, with the *Consort* of a *Quire*.

And as in *Notes*, so thus in *Voices*, none

Is found, or like another, or our own.

Whence is't, of many *Speeches* which we hear,

Each strikes a *diff'ring Stroke*, upon the *Ear*.

Or which way are these *Changes* wrought, that frame

*Voices* distinct, the *Breath* unvoic'd the same.

Since *Air*, which varies in so many *Keyes*,

Is of it self, nor *Treble*, *Mean*, nor *Base*.

Does not the *Speech* these several *Stamps* partake,  
 Passing through *Organs*, of a differing make ?  
 What *Breath* in *Fifes*, mocks the *winds whistling noise*,  
 Pour'd in a *Horn*, turns to a *hoarser Voice*,  
 Is *shrill* in *Trumpets*, and what high they raise,  
 In *Bag-pipes*, dwindles to a feeble *Base*.

Nay, ev'n in the same *Organ*, some *Pipes* go,  
 As *high* at once, as some run *flat* and *low*.

If such *Variety*, we can pursue,  
 In *Voice*, and *Sound*, where ev'ry *Breath* is new.  
 What is there in the *Motion* of each *Sphere*,  
 Set to that *Musick*, which we cannot hear ?  
 That heard, regardless we, should all neglect  
 The *toils* of *Life*, and listen with Respect.

All *Noise*, and *Tumult* here below, would cease,  
 And all return, to an *harmonious Peace*.



---

*To a Lady, on her Picture.*

**F**Airest, where were these *Colours* sought,  
Which full of their *own Heaven* shine?  
Such *Shades* below were never wrought,  
And no *Art* here, is so *Divine*.

May we not think these *Features*, were  
Th' unseen *Art*, of a *Hand* unseen?  
None knows, in all that does appear,  
Where these *Lines* end, or those begin.

*Knitting* of *Parts* together, seems  
The *finest Sight*, to pose as much,  
As the soft moulding of the *Limbs*,  
Or the smooth *Skin*, the *slendrest Touch*.

*Cheeks,* yong and ruddy, as those fair

*Yong rosie Beauties*, have above ;

Which *old Age*, shall no more impair,

Then *Angels Beauty*, or their *Love*.

Though no *false Raies*, encircle round

This *Face*, as those of *heav'nly frame*,

Yours, is with its *own Glory* crown'd,

And *bright*, without a *borrow'd flame*.

The *Colours*, seem wrought all in *Light*,

And your *Face*, so *divinely fair* ;

That though you have no *wings*, for *flight*,

We fear, you 'l *vanish* into *Air*.

Such is the *Artists* happy fate,

Such *your own*, and *your Pictures* due ;

That *Judges* say, *one Angel* fate,

For what, *another Angel* drew.

*Dreaming*

## Dreaming of her.

**W**Ho gaze upon the *Sun*, are brought  
To paint it fairer, in their Thought.  
The *Glorie*, which their *Eyes* does blind,  
Let *brighter* thus into their *Mind*,  
Does make a *clearer Day*, break out  
Within, while all is *Night* without.  
Her *Shape*, seen thus by *inward Light*,  
While *Sleep*, drew *Curtains* o're my Sight;  
Did but that *Image*, then restore,  
Which *waking Eyes*, ador'd before,  
And *closing* full of *her*, withdrew,  
And kept the *Object*, still in view.

Though

Though *Faces* seen but once, we find  
Copied, in th' all-resembling *Mind*.  
And some, the *Mem'ry* shows more plain,  
Keeps *fresh*, and longer does retain.  
Some soon *blots out*, in a *lost Thought*,  
'Cause first in *fading Colours* wrought.  
Their *Lines* worn out, till a *Review*,  
Does *varnish* o're their *Strokes* anew.  
No *Mem'ry* sure, like mine, e're prov'd  
So *constant*, to the *Face* it lov'd.  
She entertains my *Sight* all *Day*,  
And does all *Night*, before me stray.  
The *fairest Light*, I *waking* view,  
And th' *Angel*, in my *Visions* too.  
I have no *Thought*, but of my *Love*,  
All others, she does far remove,  
And makes them give place, and resign,  
That she may thus be wholly mine,

But if the *world* at large is seen,  
In the *Minds* Looking-Glass *within*.  
How comes it then, that mine alone,  
Of *many Shapes*, reflects but *one*?  
Alas! it is but reason, *she*  
Should be a *single world*, to me.  
Since others, in their greater Store,  
That *world divided*, but adore,  
Which I in her *contracted* view,  
Who, ev'ry day seems to me *new*.  
While She, in *one shape*, does unite  
*All* that is *fair, divine, or bright*.

*Having*

*Having seen her Like.*

**H**Eav'n's bless me, what was that? my Fair,  
Or some *enliv'ned* piece of *Air*?  
Or was 't her *Genius*, in her *Shape*,  
Or what of her, does *Eyes* escape?  
Which having only chang'd its *Shroud*,  
Did now *shine* through another *Cloud*.  
What other thing beside, so *Like*,  
Could or my *Sight*, or *Fancy* strike,  
And thus have her *Reflexion* wrought,  
Both in my *Eye*, and in my *Thought*.  
Has *Nature*, learn't from duller *Art*,  
One *Stamp* to *fair ones*, to impart,  
And cast her *Beauties*, in a *Mould*,  
That they may all *Resemblance* hold;  
And giv'n us this her first *Essay*,  
To show the *Rule*, she must obey?

No,

No, no, 'twere pity that, though She,  
Might *Standard*, for all *Beauties* be.  
To make her Common, would abate  
Her Value, and bring down her Rate.  
Since things so *wondrous*, and so *Rare*,  
All, *Phoenix-like*, untellow'd are.

On surer grounds, we may pretend,  
That *Angels*, in her *Shape* descend.  
And 'cause her borrow'd *Soul* of *Light*,  
Was first perhaps, a *Cherub's* Right.  
Some *Spirit*, or some *Soul*, drop't down,  
Her *Form*, mistaking for *its own*,  
Has snatch't, and in her *Likeness* dress't,  
Has stole thus, from among the *Blest*,  
And personating her, has worn,  
Her *glorious Body*, in Return.

*The Bounds of Sight.*

**W**hen some *vast Space*, the *Sight* encloses round,  
And does within its *narrow Circle* bound.

That *Land*, which *Distance* does so far remove,  
As none *beyond* is seen, nor none *above*.

Which crown'd with an exalted *Height* does shew,  
And that proud *Height*, crown'd with an *heav'nly Blue*,  
Imposes so on the mistaken Eye,

It seems no *rising Earth*, but *falling Sky*.

As if the *Mountain*, did not there *ascend*,

But *Heav'n* descending softly, on it lean'd ;

And seem'd to rest, upon that *hanging Height*,

Which half way rose, to meet the *glorious Weight*.

As parts, in Prospect situated lie,

They pass with differing *Shades*, into the Eye :

Thos



Those nearer to the common *Level* seen,  
Presented in a *fresh*, and *youthful Green*.  
And what afar off does approach the *Sky*,  
From that, its *tincture* borrows, and its *dye*.  
Th' *extremest Bounds* of *Land* and *Water*, bear  
The self same *Colour*, with the *depths* of *Air*.  
A *false Blue*, claiming from their *Place*, and *Site*,  
The *Priviledge* of *Distance*, and of *Height*.  
The *Sea*, appearing like a greater *Glass*,  
Through which both *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, reflected pass;  
Does *this* above, in its *blue Surface* show,  
And *that* presents, in its *green Depths* below.  
The *Eye* let down, with a *descending Light*,  
Finds in the *hollow*, of each *Cave*, a *Night*.  
Such *Darkness*, shut up in each *Depth*, does dwell,  
It seems to *enter* there, a *little Hell*.  
The *Sight*, as it on differing *Poles* does move,  
Discovers *Hell* below, or *Heav'n* above.

With

With an *erected Beam*, ascending here,  
Lets in the *Day*, to fill its op'ning *Sphere*,  
There, *falling* on some *Deep*, it puts to flight  
The *greater Light* above, and lets in *Night*.

---

*The Union of Friendship.*

**T**wo *Sexes*, *Marriage* does unite,  
And makes both, one *Hermaphrodite*.  
But *Friendship*, has the pow'r alone,  
To make *two*, of the *same Sex*; *one*.  
*Friendship*, where e're it does take place,  
Marries the *Linage*, and the *Race*,  
Adopts new *Kindred*, and new *Blood*,  
Takes *Strangers*, into *Brotherhood*;  
And by this *new Choice*, seeks to mend  
What *Miscarriages*, on *Birth* attend.

*Relations,*

*Relations*, which are *born*, not *made*,  
Our Love *invite* not, but *invade*.  
For what *Affection* can there be,  
Where there is *Diff'rence* in *Degree*?

If it be lawful to compare  
A *lesser*, with a *greater Sphere*,  
Each *Houſe*, a *Kingdom* is in ſhort,  
And govern'd, like the *Turkiſh Court*.  
The *wife*, no *Office* ſeems to have,  
But of the *Husband's* prime ſhe-*Slave*.  
For ſhe apart no *Rights* can claim,  
Nor has no *Title* to her *Name*.  
The *Child's* *Condition* neareſt ſuits,  
With the *dumb Duty* of the *Mutes*:  
Nor *word*, nor *Bond*, can he engage,  
But lives a *ſilent Pupillage*.  
When once the *Sultan Father's* dead,  
The *Eldeſt* does of right ſucceed,

And thrusts the *younger Brothers* down  
From their *Inheritance*, and *Throne*,  
Their *Line's hereditary Place*,  
And *private Talace* of their *Race*.  
In *arbitrary Familics*,  
Which seem *Domestique Tyrannies*,  
*Parents*, with *Turkish Rigour* sway,  
*Friends*, ruling th' *European way*,  
So equally their *Power* share,  
As they, all *elder Brothers* were.  
Who, *Brothers* in the same *womb* lay,  
Cannot more *Brothers* be, then they.

Two *Members*, are not *pair'd*, like *Friends*,  
And when compar'd, are not more *Twins*.  
Nor so to the same *Flesh* ally'd,  
Nor closer knit, nor firmer ty'd.  
Two *Eyes*, that *brother-Raies* unite,  
And twist them in *one Point* of *Sight*.

Nor in their *Balls* so like appear,  
Nor mingle not their *Beams*, so near.  
Though both the *sympathising Pair*,  
Agree, in what is *foul*, or *fair*.  
*Two Ears*, that both the same *Sound* meet,  
And are both by the same *Nerves* knit,  
Are not so match'd, though the same *Sound*,  
Or both does *stroak*, or both does *wound*.  
*Two Feet*, that evenly contend,  
United in the *way*, and *End*,  
Less equally their *Course* direct,  
And their conspiring *Steps* connect.  
Nay, what is more than all; *Two Friends*,  
In their *resembling Souls*, are *Twins*.  
As equal *Strings*, with *Love* unknown,  
*Move both*, when one is *strook* alone,  
Their trembling *Heart-strings* set alike,  
One *Joy* does *touch*, one *Grief* does *strike*.

---

*The Eccho.*

**W**Here do these *Voices* stray,  
Which *lose* in *woods* their *way*?

Erring each *Step* anew,  
While they *false Paths* pursue.  
Through many *windings* led,  
Some *crookedly* proceed,  
Some to the *Ear* turn back,  
*Asking*, which way to take.  
Wandering without a *Guide*,  
They *holla* from each side,  
And *call*, and *answer* all  
To one another's *Call*.

Whence may these *Sounds* proceed,  
From *Woods*, or from the *Dead*?

Sure,

Sure, *Souls* here once forlorn,  
 The *Living* make their Scorn,  
 And *Shepherds*, that liv'd here,  
 Now ceasing to appear,  
 Mock thus in sport the *Fair*,  
 That would not grant their Pray'r :  
 While *Nymphs* their *Voices* learn,  
 And mock them, in Return.  
 Or if at least, the *Sound*,  
 Does from the *woods* rebound;  
 The *woods*, of them complain,  
 Who *Shepherds* Vows disdain.  
*woods*, and *Rocks*, answer all  
 To the wrong'd *Lover's* Call.  
 How deaf foe're, and hard,  
 They their Complaints regard ;  
 Which *Nymphs* with Scorn repay,  
 More deaf, more hard, then they.

---

*The Whisper.*

**F**Airest, what means this close Address,  
As if you would a Hearing steal?  
Since *Words* were giv'n *Thoughts* to express,  
Why should *soft words* your *Thoughts* conceal?

While thus your *Mind* to *breath* you teach  
A *Language secret*, as your *Thought*;  
You sin against the End of *Speech*,  
Which when it *hides*, to *lie* is taught.

The *whisp'ring Air*, so soft does steal,  
As conscious, whom it must obey,  
Your *Secret* yielding to conceal,  
Without the least *Sound*, slides away.



Unwilling to spread far the News,  
As dreading, to displease the Fair ;  
It does through secret *Pipes* diffuse,  
As loth, to mixe with *Common Air*.

Your *Words*, with *silent Motions* slide,  
As *gently*, as from you they came ;  
From *ways* of *Noise*, they far divide,  
And leave the *Road*, of common *Fame*.

I'll hunt them out where 'ere they bear,  
And *breathing* close, their *Steps* pursue ;  
And as I *gather* in the *Air*,  
Each *Breath*, shall *voice* the *Words* anew.

---

*The Inconstant.*

Cease, Faithless, cease reproaching me,  
With your own lov'd Inconstancy.

Unless, while you such *Change* pursue,  
You think, ev'n *Constancy* is *new*,  
And that your *Heart*, so us'd to roam,  
A *Stranger* were become, at *Home*.

I *left* you not, but you, inclin'd to *stray*,  
Call my *removing* that, which was my *stay*.

Thus they, that leave the *Shore* behind,  
Call the *removing Land* unkind,  
As if *it* did from them *recede*,  
When *they*, in truth from it are *fled*.  
And thus with *Old Men* it appears,  
In the *Travel* of many *Years*.

With like *Truth*, they the *World* for changing blame,  
*Themselves* still *changing*, and the *World* the *same*.

The

*The Modest Fair.*

**A**mong so many *Voices* as we hear,  
Imprinting different *Sounds*, upon the *Ear*.  
Our *own*, does so imperfectly return,  
As we the *Words*, more than the *Sound* discern.  
Among so many *Faces*, as the *Eye*  
Distinctly copies, for the *Memory*,  
In *Lines* as various, as they first were show'n;  
We rarely *see*, or *seen*, forget our *own*.  
What then remains, but that we should direct  
Both *Face*, and *Voice*, to what will both *reflect*?  
Hid to our selves, our Friend's impartial *Praise*,  
The best *Reflexion* of our selves, does raise.  
Why will not you, our *Praises* then admit,  
Who, best our highest *Elogies* can fit?  
Claiming *Applause*, the more *Applause* you shun,  
At once above *Flatt'ry*, and *Detraction*:

Your

Your *Modesty*, does so our *Praise* o'recome,  
It moves our *Envy*, and strikes *Praises* dumb.

The *greatest Glories* of this World, seem so  
To gaze on *meaner Beauties* here below ;  
Exposing their *fair Lights* to *common View*,  
But *shine* not to *themselves*, no more than *You*.

---

*To a Lady, playing with a Squirrel.*

**I**F *Musick*, wild *Herds* tameness taught,  
And on rude *Savages* has wrought,  
And from *wild Throngs*, to *Cities* brought.

What gentler *Pow'r*, and softer *Flame*,  
May such commanding *Beauty* claim,  
Whose *silent Musick*, *Beasts* can tame ?

What *force* is in your *naked Arm*,  
That does the *little Satyr* charm,  
And of its *savageness* disarm ?

The boldest of the *Wood-Nymphs* Race,  
 Could not this *Savage* thus embrace,  
 Or court it, with so *rough* a *Grace*.

To act his *Sports*, you him persuade,  
 To shew what *crooked turns* he plaid,  
 And *doubles*, he in *Hunting* made.

You teach him all his *Pranks*, and how  
 He leap't from *Tree* to *Tree*, and now  
 His dance cut short, from *Bough* to *Bough*.

As through High *Woods* *rough waies* he past,  
 His *shady Tail* behind him cast,  
*Nuts*, browner than *himself* to tast.

Happy, in *climbing you*, to show,  
 How he the *Top Branch* climb'd, and so  
 Ran down the *Boughs*, in *stairs*, below.

A *braver Height*, he thus does soar,  
Upon your *lifty Shoulders* bore,  
Then his *High Travels* knew before.

As *pleasant*, and as *frolick* now,  
While you his *merry Tricks* allow,  
As dancing, on a bending Bough.

Though *wild*, he had his *Liberty*,  
What *Tree* to *perch* on, and what *Tree*  
His *Nuts* to *gather* from, as free.

Nor *Nuts*, nor *Freedom* were so sweet,  
As what he in a *Chain* does meet,  
*Unperch't*, and *prostrate* at your Feet.

*Bathing*

*Bathing her self.*

**H**Appy, this wandring *Stream* !  
Which gently proud does seem,  
As it had ne're before,  
So rich a Burthen bore.  
*Swell'd* with her *Body* now,  
It does with *Foy* o'reflow.  
Th' exulting *Waves* forget  
The Limits to them set ;  
With *Foy* now swelling more,  
Then e're with *Rage* before ;  
Her *Breast* yet lightly raise,  
To measure its *smooth waies* ;  
While her soft *Arms* divide  
The *Current* on each side.  
Which in *new Circles* broke,  
By ev'ry bending *Stroke* ;

Thus

Thus *troubled*, does appear,  
As *strook* with Sun-beams, *clear*.

From out of *water*, n'ere  
Did *rise* a *Shape*, so *fair*,  
Nor could it e're to Sight,  
*Reflect* a *form*, so *bright*.  
Such *sweetness*, nor such *grace*,  
Shin'd not in *Venus* Face,  
When *froth* did it enclose,  
As 'bove the *waves* it rose,  
And in *white Circles* crown'd  
The *whiter Goddess* round.  
Less *pleasing* she did shew,  
Her *naked Glories*, new.  
Though all the *Deep* then *smil'd*,  
To see, the *Sea-born Child*.



No undisturbed *Brook*,  
In which th' *Heav'ns* chuse to look,  
Sees such a *Beauty* move,  
As this *reflects* above;  
No *Deeps*, such *Treasures* know,  
As what this *hides* below.

---

*Of some Pieces, of her Drawing.*

**F**Air Hand, whose gentle Labour's such,  
As dandles *Beauties*, with a *Touch*.  
Whose *Strokes*, are drawn so quick, and short,  
They make our *wonder* but your *Sport*.  
What *Art* is this, such *Shapes* does *shew*,  
And yet *conceals it self*, from view;  
As not the smallest, subt'lest Eye,  
Can all the curious *Lines* descry,

Or the fine Pencil's *track* pursue,  
And keep its *slender Steps*, in view.  
*Colours*, with *Colours*, so combine,  
They *grow* together, more then *join*.  
*Extremes*, with such *Agreement* knit,  
As they, without *Confusion* meet.  
The *Creatures* of your *Pencil*, you,  
With *Motion*, and with *Breath* indue ;  
As they, the *Lookers on* persuade,  
That they were rather *born*, then *made*.  
Diviner *Beings*, which your *Brain*  
Seems deliver'd of, without pain.  
*Soft*, as their *Makers hand*, and *fair*,  
As your *Idea's* of them, were.  
Such in your *Mind*, they first were wrought,  
Limn'd in the *Images of Thought*.  
And what *at large* is copy'd here,  
A *small Original* was there ;

When

When *Fancy*, which such Skill provokes,  
Drew in your *Brain*, their *tender Strokes*.

Though none may wish that *Art* were less,  
Which clothes your Thoughts in such a *Dress*,  
We wish our *Insight* were more clear,  
That what not seen is, might appear ;  
Which, in *mysterious Lines* express'd,  
To us seems *hidden*, as your *Breast*.

---

*Seeing her in a Balcone.*

**T**He *Sun* at his first Rising so  
Gilding some *Mountain-top*, does show,  
Illuminating all below.

As *she*, does from on high appear,  
And with like *Glory* crowns her *Sphere*,  
Enlightning her *Horizon* here.

Above those darkning *Shadows* plac'd,  
Which lower *Houfe-tops* round us cast,  
That usher *Night*, e're *Day* be past.

The proper *Seat*, and only *Scene*,  
Of all things *fair*, and all *serene*,  
Which nearest *Heaven* still are seen.

Our winged *Thoughts*, in their bold flight,  
Out-fly not yet our *rais'd Sight*,  
Nor ever soar a *braver Height*.

*Upwards*, our *Eyes* can nought pursue,  
*Beyond* what we now boast in view,  
While we look up to *Heav'n*, and *You*.

Vouchsafe then (fair One) to allow  
That we, whom Fate has plac'd below,  
To our *Divinity* may bow.

And

And though beneath your feet, we *bend*,  
Permit our *Eyes* but to *ascend*;  
Further, our Hopes dare not pretend.

---

*Fanning her self.*

SEE how the charming fair  
Does *break*, the *yielding Air*,  
Which by her *troubled* so,  
More *pure*, more *smooth* does flow.  
*Winds*, without *murmurs* rise,  
Complaining in *sad Sighs*,  
Though they dare not *repine*,  
How *loth* they 're to resign  
Their Int'rest in the fair,  
To new succeeding *Air*.  
How *silently* they *grieve*,  
Their snatch't Embrace to leave

To *new winds*, who, their place  
Supply, and their Embrace.

Courting their *longer Bliss*

At ev'ry *parting Kiss*.

While with a gentle *Gale*,

They swell her *painted Sail*.

Then *trembling*, they give way,

Fearing, to disobey.

Though fain they *her* would bear,

With ev'ry *moving Air*;

In vain, alas! they prove

Unkindness to remove,

In vain, to win the Field,

*Air* may, *she* cannot yield.

Her *Hand*, a thousand waies,

New *Favourites*, does raise,

Which to *salute* her, proud,

Do round about her *crowd*,

And

And *Rival*-like, pursue  
Th' *old*, thrust out by the *new*.

Well may they boast, they can  
Move *false Trees*, in her *Fanne*,  
And with their *tremblings*, make  
Their *Trunks*, though *rooted*, shake.  
With *Oaks* they may contend,  
But She, can never *bend*.  
She, should ev'n *Storms* engage  
Her with their roughest *Rage*,  
And all their utmost prove,  
Too *stubborn* is, to *move*.

---

*Looking through a Perspective.*

**S**He, fearing *one Eye* might  
Let in too *large a Light*,  
Or *wandering*, betray  
The *other's close Survey*,  
And with new Shows amuse;  
*One Eye* consents to *lose*,  
But does that *loss* require  
With th' *other Eyes delight*.  
Which *doubling* thus its *Raies*,  
Its *borrow'd Beams* repays;  
And spreading wide her view,  
*Doubles the Pleasure too*.  
The *Glass*, she does apply,  
Becomes *another Eye*,

And



And a *new Sense* does add  
To *those* before she had ;  
Which, a *new Knowledge* gives  
Of what from far arrives,  
And *varies* still her *View*,  
As 'tis *apply'd* anew,  
While it on each *Remove*,  
The *Prospect* does improve,  
Stretching her *length'ned Sight*,  
Yet guiding it, aright.

Pleas'd, and Amaz'd, she is,  
While she at Distance sees  
*Fields, Trees, and Houses*, pass  
Through th' *hollow* of the *Glass* ;  
*Approaching* her so near,  
As they had *entred* there.

But if such *Power* lies  
In her *bewitching Eyes*,  
As they *far off*, *attract*,  
How would they *nearer*, act!  
They that draw *Houses*, then  
Would near at hand, draw *Men*.

---

*Gathering Peaches.*

**B**Ehold, wherever she does pass,  
How all the *am'rous Trees* contend,  
Whose *loaded Arms* should her *embrace*,  
While with their *fruit* tow'rd's her they *bend*;  
As if the *willing Branches* meant,  
To her, their *Bounty* to *present*.

The *upper Boughs* all bending low,  
Her *raised Arm* seem to prevent ;  
While those, that level with her grow,  
To meet her *easy hand* consent.  
To court her thus, Lo, ev'ry *Peach*,  
Submits it self, within her reach.

*These* she prefers, refusing *those*,  
Unhappy, in their rip'ning last ;  
Persuaded by her *Eye* to choose,  
As *that*, the *colour'd fruit* does *tast* ;  
Which her *Desire* does gently move  
To what her *Sense*, did first approve.

Fair, as this *golden Fruit* here seems,  
The *Sun*, with kind Salutes thus *breaks*,  
And *gilding* them with *am'rous Beams*,  
Prints *purple Kisses*, on their *Cheeks* :

*Kisses,*

*Kisses, soft as that tender Down,  
Which their young blushing Cheeks does crown.*

Ah! could the fair, who this does see,  
Be by this great Example won,  
And learn but thus to *smile on me*;  
As *they smile* on the *kissing Sun*.  
*Bright, as their Cheeks, with Kisses shine,*  
*Hers, brighter should appear with mine.*

---

*Singing to her Guittar, in an Arbor.*

**S**O, was that *Stranger* charm'd,  
Who *first* did *Musick* hear,  
With such a *new Soul* warm'd,  
Which *wandred*, in his *Ear*;  
Lost thus, in the *Excess*  
Of his *new Happiness*.

So did that *Captive* look,  
Whom *soft Sounds* then *subdu'd*,  
With *pleasing wonder* strook,  
So joy'd, and pain'd he shew'd:  
Since some *Death* seems to be  
In *ev'ry Extasie*.

Though th' *Art*, be *common* grown,  
Such *Excellence* is *new* ;  
Long *since*, though *that* was *known*,  
We *wonder* still, at *you*,  
Who, with *sweet force* surprize,  
And *gently* tyrannize.

*New Pleasures* influence  
Each *Pore*, which they steal through,  
And *op'ning* some *new Sense*,  
*Fill*, and *possess* it too:

Pleasures, *n'ere* felt before,  
Still *enter* some *new Door*.

Bare *Musick*, is but *Noise*,  
And not so *sweet*, as *fierce*,  
Something in your soft *Voice*,  
*Diviner* is, then *Verse* ;  
Which *Musick* is alone,  
E're it be set to *Tune*.

Why fly you thus the *Throng* ?  
Like *Orpheus*, in the *Wood*,  
Repairing with your *Song*,  
To honour *Solitude* ;  
Where no *Ear* can pursue  
The *Sound*, nor no *Eye*, *Yon*.

Would

Would you by this persuade,  
That *Miracles* are wrought,  
And still frequent the *Shade*,  
Where, *Musick* first was taught?  
That such *deaf things*, as *Trees*,  
Must be your *witnesses*.

Or that, your *Voice Divine*  
These *walls* seem loth to lose,  
And *willing* to confine,  
Permit not to *diffuse* ;  
But *practising*, still learn  
In *Eccho's*, to return.

*Her Window.*

**H**Ere, first the *Day* does *break*,  
And for *Access*, does seek,  
Repairing for *Supplies*,  
To her *new op'ned Eyes*,  
Then (with a *gentle Light*  
*Gilding* the *Shades*, of *Night*)  
*Their Curtains* drawn, does come,  
To *draw* those of her *Room* ;  
Both *open*, a small *Ray*,  
Does *spread abroad* the *Day*,  
Which *peeps* into each *Nest*,  
Where, *neighb'ring Birds* do rest ;  
Who spread upon their *yong*,  
Begin their *Morning-Song*,  
And from their *little home*,  
Nearer her *window*, come,

While



*upon several occasions.*

III

While from *low Boughs* they hop,  
And *perch*, upon the *Top* ;  
And so from *Bough* to *Bough*,  
Still *singing* as they goe,  
In praise of *Light*, and *Her*,  
Whom they to *Light* prefer ;  
By whose *Protection* blest,  
So quietly, they nest,  
Secure, as in the *wood*,  
In such a *Neighbourhood*.  
While, undisturb'd they sit,  
Fearing no *Hawk*, nor *Net*,  
And here, the *first News* sing,  
Of the approaching *Spring*.  
The *Spring*, which ever here,  
Does first of all appear ;  
Its fair *Course*, still begun  
By *Her*, and by the *Sun*.

*Sleeping*

---

*Sleeping on her Couch.*

**T**Hus lovely, *Sleep* did first appear,  
E're yet it was with *Death* ally'd ;  
When the first *fair one*, like *her* here,  
*Lay down*, and for a little dy'd.

E're *happy Souls* knew how to dye,  
And trod the *rougher Paths* to *Bliss*,  
Transported in an *Extasie*,  
They *breath'd out* such *smooth waies*, as this.

Her *Hand* bears gently up her *Head*,  
And like a *Pillow*, rais'd does keep ;  
But *softer* than her *Couch*, is spread,  
Though that be *softer*, than her *Sleep*.

Alas !

Alas ! that death-like *Sleep*, or *Night*,  
Should power have to close those *Eyes* ;  
Which once vy'd with the *fairest Light*,  
Or what *gay Colours*, thence did rise.

Ah ! that lost *Beams*, thus long have shin'd,  
To them, with *Darkness* over-spread,  
Unseen, as *Day breaks*, to the *Blind*,  
Or the *Sun rises*, to the *Dead*.

That *Sun*, in all his *Eastern Pride*,  
Did never see a *Shape* so rare,  
Nor *Night*, within its *black Arms* hide  
A *silent Beauty*, half so fair.

*Seeing Smoak rise.*

**T**Hese *Earth-born Fumes*, which here arise,  
And trouble with their *Clouds*, the *Skies*,  
Show, how the *basest things* aspire  
To reach, the noble *Seat* of *Fire*.  
Though mounting *Sparkles*, and the *Flame*,  
That *Countray* seek, from whence they *came*;  
Yet *Steams* so *foul*, as these are seen,  
Must have a *baser Origine*.  
However they in *mounting* shew,  
They challenge *Heaven*, as their *due*;  
Yet, such is the *High flyers* fate,  
In *Air*, their *Pride* does terminate.  
The *Lot* of all things, that *rise high*,  
Which *soaring*, *vanish* still, and *dye*.

The *Smoak* of *war*, and *Smoak* of *Trade*,  
Do both *alike*, the *Skies* invade ;  
The *Clouds*, in which they do *ascend*,  
As *undistinguish'd*, as their *End*.  
What can *vain Man*, to both provoke ?  
When all his *Hopes*, end thus in *Smoak*.  
What moves him to *build high* ? as He,  
*Next Neighbour* to the *Sky*, would be ;  
When from his proudest *Heights*, he sees,  
What with *high Thoughts*, but ill agrees,  
That *Vapours* light as these, out-flie  
Both his *Ambition*, and his *Eye*.

---

*Hearing of a Drum.*

**W**HO now that hears this sounding *Drum*,  
Thinks, such *Noise* can, from *Nothing* come?  
And yet the *Causes* seem no less,  
For what are *Wind*, and *Emptiness*?  
*A hollow Inside*, and nought there,  
But what, is *scut* in every where;  
*Air*, which all *empty things* does fill,  
It self, an *empty Nothing* still.  
This *almost Nothing*, seems to be,  
Ev'n *fruitful*, in *Variety*;  
And while it does with *Eccho's* meet,  
Many *new Nothings*, does beget.

Th' imprison'd *Air* within, once broke;  
*Thickens* in *sounds*, with ev'ry *Stroke*,  
And wounded thus it self, around,  
Communicates each *moving Sound*,  
Until the *hollow Woods*, become,  
But each of them, a *hollow Drum*;  
Who, in their swift Consent have show'n,  
That *Noise*, like *Silence*, dwells alone.

*Great Talkers*, that with all their *Din*,  
*Nothing* of *solid*, have *within*,  
Who make a *noise*, and promise fair,  
But yet examin'd, are but *Air*,  
When to Performances they come,  
Prove louder *Nothings*, like this *Drum*.

---

*On a Picture of Snow, and Ice.*

**S**O in those *Climes*, fruitful in nought but Cold,  
Where *Nature* looks with hoary *Winters*, old;  
High *Rocks*, dissembling their hid *Horror*, smile,  
Top't thus with *Snow*, which does their *Crag*s beguile.  
A like *Hand* here, the *Earth's* white *Bosome* spreads,  
And dip't in *Snow*, the *Winter* gently sheds.

As the resembling *Level*, seems to vie,  
With *Clouds*, of unborn *Flakes*, within the *Skie*,  
While *Mountain-tops*, and raised *Heights*, all show,  
*white*, as the native *High-Lands*, of the *Snow*.  
The *Heaven*, big, and teeming with white *Show'rs*,  
Mock't by the *Earth*, into whose *Lap* it pow'rs.  
But what does most of all this Art surprize,  
One *Hand*, drops *Snow* so soft, and hardens *Ice*.



---

*On the Picture of an Old Man, with Spectacles.*

**G**ood Figures *mock*, to the *Beholders View*,  
As while *you look on them, they look on you*;  
The *Artist*, for this *Piece*, has done no less,  
Th' *old Mans Eyes* fail, he lends him *Spectacles*.

---

*On an Old Beldame, washing her Face.*

**T***roubling the water thus, in vain,*  
With such a *Skin*, as *Fonts* would *stain*,  
The *Gipsie*, seeks to wash away  
*Orig'nal Dirt*, and *Adam's Clay*;  
Would she a likelier *Course* pursue,  
She must put off, th' *old Woman* too.

*Against Fruition.*

**W**Hat is this thing call'd *Pleasure*? but *false Gold*,  
Which does amuse the Sense, in *Heaps* untold,  
Double the *Summe*, appearing in the great,  
Counted, falls short, and wanting in the weight.  
Beheld thus *at large*, and *ingen'ral* view'd,  
It cheats the *Eye*, and does with *Shows* delude,  
Cast up, is found defective in the *tale*,  
And when examin'd, by the *touch*, or *scale*,  
A *lighter* proves, but *courser Coine*, wash't o're,  
A *golden Out-side* only, and no more.  
That, which for th' *Image*-sake, we over-rate,  
And from the *Royal Stamp*, mistake for *Plate*.  
Such, is the *Beauty* of this lying *Stone*,  
Which *Clearness* has, and *Hardness* wants alone;  
Its *colour*, and its *flames*, for *Orient* pass,  
Till th' undeceiving *Hammer*, proves it *Glass*.

Our distant *Hopes*, present our *Pleasures* fair,  
And bigger shap'd, then our *Enjoyments* are ;  
But when the *Landscape*, we behold too nigh,  
Which standing off, did seem to court the *Eye*,  
The *fineness* of the *Strokes*, does disappear,  
What *Painting* shew'd far off, is *Daubing* near.  
Our *wants*, and *Expectations*, both thus kind,  
These, shew *Foyes* fair *before*, and those, *behind*.  
Fame, seems to speak of them *untried*, and *new*,  
With that *Civility*, to *Strangers* due ;  
And mentions them with that *Respect*, when *fled* ;  
We use to give the *Absent*, and the *Dead*.  
*Opinion*, thus our *Pleasures* over-rates,  
As idle *Rumor*, magnifies *Estates* ;  
Which swell, and rise, to many *Thousand Pounds*,  
Coin'd only in pure *Air*, and empty *Sounds* :  
So dear we *purchase*, when our *Hopes* bid high,  
Yet dearer *part with*, what we dearly *buy*,

Like

Like *Gamesters* then, that have been beat at *Play*;  
 When once we come, our *Losses* to survey;  
 Too *lib'ral* Mistakes, we in counting make,  
 And *frankly* lose, more then was laid at Stake,  
 While *gen'rous Grief*, does to the *winner* throw,  
 More then he did, to his *good fortune* owe.

The *Scenes*, and *Images*, of vain *Delight*,  
 Seen by *false Beams*, and a *deluded Sight*;  
 Among the *Joyes*, of *Misers Dreams*, have place,  
 Who, *Fairy Gold*, with *empty Arms* embrace,  
 But when at last the *golden Dream* is o're,  
 With a *rich Sigh*, lament their waking *poor*.  
 So swift, our *Joyes* are snatch'd, that they but last,  
 For our *sad Pleasure*, to behold them *past*.  
 So *yang*, are all things *fair*, and all things *gay*,  
 Which can no more then *Angels*, with us stay.  
 The best of *Good things* thus like *Spirits* are,  
 They have their *wings*, or *vanish into Air*:

When

When seen but once, and we their Stay invite,  
The pretty winged Strangers, take their flight.  
They, for our Taste, too heav'nly are, and pure,  
Too delicate, and subtle to endure ;  
Our Senses too, as much too gross, and rude,  
Which things too strong o'recome, too fine elude.  
The *Æther* thus, too delicate for Breath,  
Instead of Life, lets in a finer Death.  
And thus the piercing, over-radiant Light,  
Scatters, and blinds the weaker Rays, of Sight.  
Things soft, and smooth, we cannot nicely taste,  
Nor will the Air, or Water be'embrac't ;  
The Down of Swans, the finest Touch deceives,  
And Oyl, no certain Taste, behind it leaves.  
What's Hard, or Rough, the Sense does best excite,  
And what is Sharp, best moves the Appetite.

*Rareness*, and *Labour*, all *good things* commend,  
Which once grown *cheap*, and *easy*, do offend,  
Like *Hunters*, we the *Pleasure* do misplace,  
And lose the *dear Enjoyment*, in the *Chace*.  
The *Game* we prize, because we *hunted hard*,  
And by the *Toil*, we measure the *Reward*.  
*Plenty*, and *want*, our *Sense* alike does blame,  
While *deep Draughts* drown, and *little Tasts* inflame.  
*Perfumes*, enjoy'd too free, delight us less,  
And are *impair'd*, with nauseating *Excess*.  
*Tasted* more rarely, they *inflame* us more,  
Then their *Excess*, did *surfeit* us before.  
Thus, some in *Feavers*, their *sick Palates* please,  
And *cure* their *Thirst*, by *feeding* their *Disease*.

*Against*

Against Fame.

(suade

**W**Hat should fond *Man*, in all his *works* per-  
To *Noise*, *Solemnity*, or vain *Parade*?

Since *Nature*, where the *Bus'ness* does intend,  
*Silence*, and *Secrecy*, does most commend.

If we look up, the *Heavens* seem to flye  
In rouling swift, the *measures* of the *Eye*.

They *strike* no *Hours*, nor in their *Motions* *chime*,

Though we with *Noise*, distinguish *silent Time*,

And boast, we hear the *measur'd Hours* run,

Told by no *Larum*, how whole *Dayes* are gone.

Nay, *Tears*, are past our *count*, and *notice* fled,

As *silently*, as *Night*, does *Day* succeed.

If we look down, what *Eye* distinctly sees

The *growing Shade*, and *rising Height*, of *Trees*.

Or,

Or, by what *crooked Steps*, in winding flow;  
*Rivers*, with *neighb'ring Meadows*, as they goe.  
*Still* while *deep Waters* are, the *shallow Stream*,  
*Does louder*, in its *prating Murmurs* seem.

*Hollow*, and *empty things*, are only found,  
To yield, and *empty Air*, to spread a *Sound*.  
And none but such, as *hollow Places*, ring  
With *Sounds*, which first from *hollow Causes* spring.  
As *void of Substance*, is an *airy Fame*,  
And *vain* as *He*, who does that *Nothing* claim,  
Or as the *hollow World*, which still employs  
Its *empty Eccho's*, to return the *Noise*.

*Fame*, grows from *Opposition*, and like *Sound*,  
Seems only from *Resistance*, to rebound.  
And as two *solid Bodies*, set at jar,  
Produce a *Bounce*, in their *unglorious War* ;

Such



Such is *that*, nobler *Fights*, and *Combats* give, —  
And which the *Brave*, from *clashing Arms* derive.  
The *Noise*, which does from *warlike Actions* come,  
Is but the *empty Loudness*, of a *Drum*.

The *Brave*, are led thus to *maintain* their *Fame*,  
For which they *fought*, the *same way*, that it *came*.  
*Meer Sound*, does them to *greater Deeds* excite,  
Who were encourag'd with a *Sound*, to *fight*.  
*Vain*, as alas! that *dying Man* would sport,  
Who boasts his *murdring Canon's* loud *Report* ;  
So *vain* is He, who all his *Art* employes,  
*Living*, or *dying still*, to make a *Noise*.

THE  
NEW-YEAR,  
To my LORDS GRACE, of  
CANTERBURY:

Presented, January 1. 1674.

**A**S now the restless, and unwearied Sun,  
In *new Successions*, his *fair Course* does run,  
His *Motion*, shap'd like his *resembling Sphere*,  
Which figures the *round World*, and *Circling Year*.  
So you, to whom alike our *Eyes* we raise,  
Born, on the *Heavens*, and on *You* to gaze.  
Your endless *Race of Glorie*, still pursue,  
And *guide our Course*, and *shine above us too*.  
Repeating your unwearied *Travels*, till  
You, your *bright Circle* of great *Actions* fill.

And

And as the *Sun unchang'd*, does *us* behold  
Grown with the *Changes* which he measures, *old* ;  
His *Glories fresh*, as when he *first* did *rise*,  
And took his *Station* in the *new-made Skies*.  
So you, to whom *old Age* unknown appears,  
Seem *yong*, with the increase of *many years*.  
As all th' *Advances*, which you make in *Time*,  
Were *Steps*, whereby you to *Perfection* climb ;  
And those *past Years*, by which you *count us old*,  
For *us*, you only *numbred out*, and *told*.  
Thus *Angels*, fashion'd by a *Hand Divine*,  
Still *ever yong*, as their *own Heavens*, shine ;  
Born *old* as all the *Elements*, yet n'ere  
No more then *they*, with *crooked Age* impair.  
What is *above*, not subject is to *Time*,  
*Eternal Youth*, smiles in the *Heav'nly Climate*.

Like as some *Hill*, the *antient Throne*, and *State*,  
 Whereon the *world's first humble Monarchs* sat;  
 Beholds the *black Clouds*, in the *Bottom* seen,  
 Th' *Imperial Height*, still *smiling*, and *serene*.  
 So you, who by *experient Travels* climb,  
 To gain the *Prospect*, on the *top of Time*,  
*Serer* seem, the *higher* still you go,  
 And see more of the *changing World* below.  
 Thus when we thought our *Sky*, was *calm*, and *clear*,  
 You saw our threatening *Storms* far off appear,  
 And those *black Clouds*, which after fell on all,  
 While you, from your *calm Height*, o're-look't our *Fall*.  
 Then stood you, like your *Church* upon a *Hill*,  
*Firm* as a *Rock*, and as *conspicuous* still.  
 Then, when your *Country* was with *Arms* oppress'd,  
 And *Peace* was no where found, but in your *Breast*.  
 That *sacred Quiet*, which on you did wait,  
 Slept not *unactive* in your *humble State*,

But

But waking kept, and did not idly rest,  
Like Nights dark *Quiet*, a dull *Calm* at best.  
So high, the *Confessor* his *Cross* did bear,  
As *that*, has higher rais'd the *Primate's Chair*.  
Your *Suff'rings*, shed as great a *Lustre* then,  
As now adorns your more *Triumphant Scene*.

May kinder *Suns*, their *whiter Times* restore,  
In lieu of those, they snatch't from you before,  
And many *smiling Tears* to come, employ  
The Sacred *Quire's* more *New*, and *Solemn Joy*;  
Still exercis'd in *Angels Songs*, that so,  
Our *Church* may long *Triumphant* be, below.

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